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Hsc.Ed

TO THE HONOVRABLE ROBERT Lord *Rich*, &c.

The Author wisheth all happinesse *here and hereafter.*

My honoured LORD:

TO shew that your greatnesse in your selfe hath not made mee fearefull unto despaire, nor your graciousnesse toward me, bold unto presumption, in a modest confidence I now beg a long-since promised patronage: *Horace*, who either learned from, or taught the Spheres a perfect musicall harmonie, and made the language of Rome truly Roman, (if we may beleeve himselfe)

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selfe) was as meanly descended as my own selfe; yet did not his meanneſſe deprive him of a preſidiarie *Mecenas*, a Roman Knight, high in Honours, and (which was the greateſt) in his Princes love: and it is queſtionable whether *Horace* were more helped by *Mæcenas* hand, or *Mæcenas* more honoured by *Horace* his pen: *Horace* lived well under *Mæcenas* protection, *Mæcenas* yet lives in *Horace* his Poeſie: *Dignum laude Virum Muſa vetat mori; Cœlo muſa beat.* I now preſent unto your Honours hand, the ſame Poet, but in an Engliſh dreſſe; nor can it be more difficult to finde an Engliſh *Mæcenas*, than to make an Engliſh *Horace*: It is not unknowne to thoſe that have bent their ſtudies this way, how hard it is to be tyed to the words and matter of another, eſpecially in verſe; and yet if you pleaſe graciouſly to accept, and powerfully to protect my weake endeavours, I was never ſo much bound to my Authors phraſe, as I ſhall be to your Honours favour. Vouchſafe a gracious aſpect to theſe my labours, and I doubt not but thoſe comfortable raies darted from your eyes, will now give mee life, as they have heretofore given me heat. The loftie riding Sunne in his diurnall courſe doth ſhine as bright on a meane cottage, as a Princes Palace; and though his beames cannot raiſe it to an equall height, yet they impart light and comfort to both alike. I know the

Noble-

Nobleneſſe of your diſpoſition will accept of my Tranſlation as well in parchment, as if it had been wrapped up in pluſh; in vellam as in velvet; conſidering the matter is ſtill the ſame, as when that Muſes darling *Horace* wrote it: a curious Cabinet cannot make gold better, nor a canvaſe bag, or iron cheſt diminiſh the worth of it. I leave my worke and ſelfe to your gracious patronage, and wiſh my ſelfe may ever be eſteemed, as I deſire to be

Your Honours humble ſervant,

HENRY RIDER.

The Translator to the Judicious Reader.

TRanslations of Authors from one language to another, are like old garments turn'd into new fashions; in which though the stuffe be still the same, yet the die and trimming are altered, and in the making, here something added, there something cut away: yet have I endeavoured to set forth in publick the Odes and Epodes of Horace in English verse, with as little losse as may be, unlesse it be of my owne credit, who have presumed to make my gleanings more than anothers harvest, and where hee onely gathered some few eares, I to bind up straw and all together; for you will find many Odes which have little or no matter in them, as being composed by the prime author onely to shew the excellency of the Roman phrase, and verse; others mixt of words and matter; many materially excellent. I know I cannot write without the committing of many errors, some whereof may passe undetected to many, which I my selfe may very much mislike; and some may pick a good conceit in some things, where I intended none: others may utterly dislike, what may indifferently please me,

and

and disaffect some epithetes which I did labour for: Thus tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire &c. *Let me give you a taste of one or two passages, wherein haply, perhaps unhappily I may dissent from other judgements: in the fourth* Ode *of the first Booke:* Quo simul mearis, Nec regna vini sortiere talis, *which the Commentators in my opinion doe faile in, making* talis vini *the adjective and substantive of the genitive case; whereas* Talis *is a substantive in the ablative case; for it was a custome among the Romans, at their feasts, to cast the dice who should bee the governour of their healths drinking; and this is consonant to* Horace *himselfe in the seventh* Ode *of the second Booke*——Quem *Venus* arbitrum Dicet bibendi: *for* Venus, *or* jactus Venereus *carried away all: Another thing which I would advertise the Reader of is this, when the same word, of the same case and gender shall beare two senses, both good; and the Translator, that cannot in his verse render both, shall bee thought ignorant in the one, as in this place;* Ode *thirty five of the first Booke:* Regumq; matres barbarorum, Et purpurei metuunt Tyranni; *where the word* purpurei *may bee understood of the cruelty of tyrants, whose hands are dipt in blood; or the royall clothing of Kings and Emperours in purple robes: in the former sense I have translated the words thus,*

And barbarous Kings mothers are afeard,
And tyrants too with purple gore besmear'd.

In

In the latter ſenſe it may be thus rendred;

And barbarous kings mothers are afraid,
And Tyrants too with purple robes araid.

A third ſort of miſtake is in ſome whole clauſe or ſentence, as in the fifth Ode *of the third Booke, concerning* Regulus *his embaſie to Rome, where he ſaith:*

——Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, & arma
Militibus ſine cæde, dixit,
Direpta vidi.

Thus farre I underſtand of the baſe cowardize of the Roman ſouldiers: but for that which followeth,

——Vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,

I wonder that all Commentators, that I have ſeene, ſhould interpret it of the ſlaverie of the Romans, which is ſpoken of the fearleſſe walking up and downe of the Carthaginian citizens with their hands behind them, after their conqueſt obtained: and this is evident by the next words.

Portasque non clauſas, et arva
Marte coli populata noſtro.

A fourth

A fourth sort of mistake is in the different pointing of a sentence, as you may see in the same Ode:

Si pugnat extricata densis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis
Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus.

Which if it be read with an interrogation, I can see no sense in it: therefore I reade it as a meere concession upon an impossibilitie, that you may as well make a Deere stay and fight valiantly, when she is escaped from the hunters toile, as a Soldier once freed from his captivitie. The last sort of mistakes may be in different readings, as in the seventh Ode of the first book (to give no more instances) where some reade, Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam: *I preferre that other reading,* Undique decerptæ frondem præponere olivæ: *since there the Poet speakes of preferring Athens, Pallas citie, and the Olive tree sacred to her, before all other cities and trees.*

Take, gentle Reader, these my labours in good part; and if I in this shall give thee any contentment, I hope hereafter to increase it to thee in some other subject; whose studie in this hath been, to afford thee both profit and delight.

Thine in the best of his
endeavours,

HENRY RIDER.

THE FIRST BOOKE of the *Odes* of HORACE.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE *describeth how severall men are delighted with severall sorts of life; but himselfe only with the Name of a Lyrick Poet, as that which will prove most for his glorie.*

MÆcenas, my protection, and sweet grace, (race;
Frō great-great-grandsire Kings that hadst thy
There's some who love in charrets to raise high
Th'Olympick dust; and then the goale past by
By their swift-heated wheeles, and noble praise
The Lords of th'earth up to the Gods doth raise.
Him, if the fickle Roman rout contend
With trebly-doubled honours to commend;
That man, if he in his owne barns have heapt
What ever from the Libyan floores is swept,
Loving with's plow to cut his countrie field,
With richest profers you shall nere make yeeld;

That as a trembling ſea-man he ſhould rip
Myrtilus ſea up in a Cyprus ſhip.
The Merchant lauds his countries eaſe and reſt,
Fearing the South-weſt-wind that dos conteſt
With *Icarus* ſeas, ſtraight his torn ſhips doth reare,
Being unskilfull povertie to beare;
This man doth love bowles of old Sack to taſte,
And ſome part of the ſolid day to waſte,
His corps being now beneath ſome green tree ſpread,
Now neere ſome ſacred fountains gentle head,
Tents and confuſed dinne of fife and drum,
[illegible]d matron-hated battels doe pleaſe ſome:
[illegible]he hunter mindleſſe of his tender bride,
Dos under the cool-freezing air abide,
Whether his truſtie hounds did ſpie a Deere,
Or Marſyan Boar his round hol'd nets did teare.
Ivie, the learn'd heads meed, ranks me above,
With the high gods; me the coole-ſhaded grove,
And Nymphs and Satyres nimble train divide
From the rout, if *Euterpe* doe not hide
Her pipe from me, nor *Polyhymnia*
Refuſe upon her Lesbian lute to play:
But if 'mong Lyrick Poets you'l prick me down,
Ile touch the ſtars with my advanced crown.

Ode II.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Hee deſcribeth the tempeſt, and inundation of Tiber, and intimates that they were ſent for the ſlaughter of Julius Cæſar *in the Capitol; complaining alſo of the civill wars that followed upon it; and concludes with a prayer for* Auguſtus.

NOw hath our Father ſent upon this land
Snow and dire haile enough, and, with fierce hand
Caſting

Casting our sacred towres down, hath dismaid
Our Citie; he the Nations made afraid,
Lest *Pyrrha's* woefull age (who did complain
Of new-sprung monsters) should return again.
When *Proteus* drove up all his herds to see
The tops of hills, and on the high elm-tree
The fishes clung (which was the doves known seat)
And fearfull does on the tost waves did beat.
We yellow-sanded Tiber did behold
With billowes from the Tyrrhene Ocean roll'd,
Hurrie to beat down our Kings monument,
And *Vesta's* temple, very violent:
While he himselfe a champion did display
For his too much lamenting *Ilia*,
And the wife-serving floud enrag'd dos slide
(Though *Iove* gain-said it) ore his cursed side.
Our youths diminisht by their fathers fault,
Shall heare tell that our Citizens have wrought
Their swords, with which the Persians severe
Might better fall; they of these wars shall heare.
What God now shall our people invocate
Unto our ruine-fearing Empires state?
With what pray'r shall our sacred virgins call
Vesta who now heares not our prayers at all?
On whom will *Iupiter* the office lay
Of wiping our impieties away?
Prophet *Apollo*, come, we pray, at last,
Thy shoulders with a white cloud being o'erecast;
Or if faire *Venus* thou please to stop out,
(Whom Mirth and *Venus* ever fly about)
Or whether thou our Father cast an eye
On thy neglected stock and progenie;
Thou (ah) with too long bloudie pastime fill'd,
Whom clamour pleases, and the glittering shield,
And countenance of Indian swift to goe,
Most violent against his wounded foe:

Or if that thou the winged meſſenger,
Thy forme being chang'd, like our young Prince appeare
Upon the earth, thou ſon of *Maia* mild,
Cæſars avenger pleaſing to be ſtil'd;
Mayſt thou returne to heav'n again, but late;
And long live gracious to our Roman ſtate;
Nor from us let ore-ſwift fate carry thee
Offended much at our impietie.
Here mayſt thou purchaſe worthy conqueſts rather,
Here love thou to be ſtil'd our Prince and father;
Nor let the Medians unpuniſht ride,
So long as thou, ô *Cæſar*, art our guide.

Ode III.

To the ſhip in which *Virgil* ſailed to Athens.

He prayeth the ſhip to deliver Virgil *ſafe to Athens, then condemneth the raſhneſſe of him that firſt went to ſea.*

O Ship that ow'ſt back *Virgil* truſted to thee,
Reſtore him ſafe to Athens ſhoares, I wooe thee,
And keep the one halfe of my ſoule: ſo, ever,
May Cyprus potent goddeſſe thee deliver,
So *Helens* brothers, two bright ſtars, thee guide,
So the winds Father, (all elſe up being tide
Except the weſt-wind.) Oake and three-fold braſſe
Went ore his heart, who firſt of all did paſſe
The ſlender ſhip unto the floud ſevere,
Nor rude north ſtruggling 'gainſt the ſouth did feare,
Nor rainy *Hyades*, nor ſouth-weſts mood,
Than which the ruler of the Adrian floud
Is not more potent, whether he doe pleaſe
To raiſe aloft, or to calme downe the ſeas.

What

What ſtep of death fear'd he, who with eyes dry
Did gaze upon the monſters ſwimming by,
Who did behold the Ocean ſtill uneven,
And the ill-famed rocks whoſe tops touch't heaven.
Foreſeeing heaven hath parted, all in vain,
The earth from the unſociable main,
For all this theſe impious ſhips doe goe
Beyond thoſe ſeas ſhould not be reacht unto.
" Mankind that dares doe any thing, hath runne
" Into thoſe ſins forbidden to be done.
Iapetus bold ſon toth' earth hath throwne
Fire by pernicious craft: this fire ſtolne downe
From heavens court, Leanneſſe, and a new train'd band
Of feavers revelled in every Land.
Dædalus paſſed through the yeelding cloud,
With pinions unto mankind not allow'd:
Hercules labour did through Acheron ſaile:
Nothing's too hard for men: even heaven we ſcale
By folly, nor through our owne ſin will let
Iove his revenging bolts aſide to ſet.

Ode IV.

To L. Sextius.

A deſcription of the Spring, an exhortation to mirth from the common condition of mans mortalitie.

BY Spring and Weſt-winds gentle change about
Sharpe Winter's gone; the engines now lanch out
The long-dry keeles, nor doe the beaſts deſire
The ſtable, nor the husband-man the fire,
Nor doe the fields with hoary froſts looke gray:
Now Cytherean *Venus* leads the way,

While the moone 'gins to shine, and sweet-fac'd Graces
Joyn'd with Nymphs, shake the earth with mixed paces:
While the flame-scattering *Vulcan* now doth fire
His Cyclops-toiling forges: now to tire
The head with myrtle green, and with the bud
Which the earth now unprison'd beares, is good.
Now fit to sacrifice in groves close hid
To *Faunus*, whether he crave lambe or kid.
" Pale death with the same foot knocks at the bowers
" Of the poore men, and at the Princes towers.
O happie *Sextius*, this our lives short scope
Forbids us to conceive a lasting hope.
Now, now will death, and ghosts held fabulous
Seize upon thee, and *Plutoes* fairie house;
Whither being gone, you shan't at dice acquire
The rule 'oth' wine, nor *Lycidas* smooth admire,
For whom our Youths now all on fire doe grow,
And maids ere long in their desire will glow.

Ode V.

To Pyrrha.

The misery of them that dote on her.

What tender boy upon a rosie bed,
Being with liquid odours overspred,
Within some pleasant bow'r, doth to thee sue
(O *Pyrrha*) for thy love? for whom doe you
Bind your gold locks, plain in your ornament?
Alas, how oft shall the proud Boy repent
Thy false faith, and contemned deities,
And look with wonderment on those thy seas
Made rough with black winds, who (too credulous Boy)
thee now as some golden prize enjoy?

Who

Who hopes thou'lt ſtill be free to him, ſtill faire,
Ignorant of thy all-deluding aire.
Wretched are they to whom untride you ſhine;
The wall, by ſacred tables made divine,
Shewes I have hung my ſhip-rackt robe on high
Unto the Oceans potent Deitie.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

That his battels muſt be ſung by Varius; Horace *himſelfe being fit only for meaner ſubjects.*

THou valiant man, and conquerour of thy foes,
Shalt be by *Varius* ſung in hymnes like thoſe
Of *Homers* muſe, what ere thy warlike forces
Under thy conduct did by ſhips or horſes.
(*Agrippa*) we nor ſtrive these things to weild,
Nor *Peleus* ſons ſtout heart, who could not yeeld,
Nor yet the wandring of *Ulyſſes* fly,
By ſea, nor *Pelops* bloudie family.
We that are weake ones great things doe not uſe,
While ſhame and our weake lyre ore-ſwaying muſe.
Forbids me worthy *Cæſars* praiſe to ſtain,
And thine with the ill working of my brain.
Who worthily can with his pen denote
Mars armed with an Adamantine coate,
Or *Merion* with the Trojan duſt beſmear'd,
Or *Tideus* ſon by *Pallas* aid up-rear'd
Equall toth' gods? We ſing of Banquettings,
We ſing of angred Virgins bickerings
'Gainſt young men with pair'd nailes, being free to muſe,
Or, if in love, not lighter than we uſe.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Divers men extoll divers countries, the Poet only likes Tiburtus grove, and exhorts to wash away cares with wine.

SOme will bright Rhodes or Mitylene extoll,
Or Ephesus, or two-sea'd Corinths wall,
Or Thebes by *Bacchus*, or else Delphos high
By *Phœbus*, or those fields of Thessaly.
Some there are whose sole worke it is to raise
The virgin *Pallas* towne with lasting layes,
And to preferre the branch o'th' olive tree
Fore any boughs that else-where gathered bee.
The most part doe for *Iunoes* honour pitch
On horse-stor'd *Argos*, and *Mycœne* rich.
Not *Lacedæmon* so inur'd to toile
Did ever so affect me, nor the soile
Of fat *Larissa* did me so much sway,
As th'house of echoing *Albunea*,
And steepie *Anio*, and *Tiburnus* grove,
And orchards lav'd with streames that ever move.
As oft the cleared north the darknesse scoures
From the black heaven, nor breeds perpetuall showres;
So thou, being wise, remember to confine
Thy griefes, and lifes toile, *Plancus*, in milde wine;
Whether the Camps with banners glistring hold thee,
Or that thy Tibers shadie banks shall fold thee.
From *Salamis* and's sire when *Teucer* fled,
Yet it is said, that he did bind his head,
Well drencht in *Bacchus*, with a Poplar crowne,
Thus speaking to his friends so much cast downe:

Where-

Where-ever fortune, better than my father,
Shall beare us, mates and friends wee'll goe together.
Yee nothing need despaire, while *Teucer* is
Your guide and aid: for *Phœbus* promis'd this
(Unerring he) that in a new-found land
A Salamis as good as this should stand:
O valiant men, and that oft-times with me
Have suffered far worse calamitie,
Now doe you all your griefes with wine restrain;
To morrow wee'll to the vast sea again.

Ode VIII.

To Lydia.

Concerning a young man wasted with her love.

Lydia, speake, by all the gods I pray,
Why strive you *Sibaris* to cast away
For love? Why doth he thus the wide field shun,
Being inured both to dust and Sun?
Why rides he not as souldier 'mongst his train,
Nor with sharp bits his Flanders steeds doth raine?
Why feares he to swim yellow Tiber o're
And shuns, more warily than vipers gore,
The Olive wreath, nor doth his shoulders shew
Now with the armes he beares made black and blew?
Oft by the Discus being made renoun'd,
Oft by the arrow shot cleane through the bound:
Why lurks he as the sea-queen *Thetis* boy
(They say) did, 'bout the wofull fall of Troy,
Lest that his manlike habit should command
Him to the wars, and to his Lycian band?

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

The sharper the winter is, the sweeter our mirth should be.

SEe'st thou Soracte white with a deepe snow?
How the bow'd trees their weight can't undergoe?
And how the streames bound with sharpe ice, doe stand?
Dissolve the frost, laying with bounteous hand
Wood on the fire, and with a courage bold
Draw, *Thaliarch*, thy wine of foure yeares old,
Out of thy Sabine two-ear'd pot: the rest
Leave to the gods, who when they have suppreſt
The winds on the rude sea maintaining warre,
Nor Cypres, nor old Ash-trees shaken are.
" Enquire thou not what shall to morrow bee,
" And whatsoere day fortune giveth thee,
" Put it upon thy gaines; nor sweet love-glances
Doe thou abhorre, O boy, nor yet our dances.
While crabbed age forbeares thy youth a space,
Let both the martiall field and wrestling place,
And softly-whispers when the night comes in,
At a fit season be reviv'd again;
And the maids pleasant laugh that her betraid
Within some private corner closely laid,
Or favour being snatched from her arme
Or finger having done some trifling harme.

ODE

ODE X.

An Hymne to MERCURIE.

The praises of him from severall things.

ELoquent *Hermes*, *Atlas* daughters childe,
That hast reform'd rude mens behaviour wilde;
Smooth in thy speech, and in thy mannaging
Of the neat wrestling place; thee will I sing,
Great *Loves* and the gods *Nuntius*, and the fire
Oth'crooked harp, what ere thou didst require,
Being skilfull in a jesting theft to hide:
Whilst thee, a lad, *Apollo* terrifi'de
With threatning words, unlesse thou didst re-
The kine that had been stolne away before
From him by thy deceitfulnesse; he smil'd
When of his quiver too he was beguil'd.
Nay *Priam* too (happie in leaving Troy)
Left *Atreus* proud sons, (thou being his convoy) (left
The Greek flames, and Troyes weake camps: thou dispo-
Blest soules in pleasant shades, and thou inclosest
The airy drove in with a golden rod,
Lov'd from the highest to the lowest god.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

That shee should not trouble her selfe with future things.

(IT is a sin) doe not thou seek to know
What fate the gods will on my selfe bestow,

Wh-

What upon thee, *Leuconoe*, nor trie
The Babylonian Astrologie;
The better to endure what ere may bee,
Whether more Winters *Iove* will grant to thee,
Or this thy last, which with opposed rocks
In thunder breakes the Tyrrhene ocean shocks.
Be wise, and rack thy wines up, and quite breake
Thy long hope off in short space: "while we speake,
"Envious time flyes: lay hold upon this day,
"Trusting the next as little as you may.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Of Orpheus, *of the gods, Heroes, and brave Commanders of Rome, lastly of* Augustus.

WHat man, or *Demi* god wilt thou aspire
(Clio) to celebrate upon thy lyre,
Or shrill-tun'd pipe? what god? what persons name
Shall the deluding echo reproclaime
Or in the shadie banks of Helicon,
Or Pindus, or cold *Hæmus* tops upon?
From whence the forests wildly tooke their way
After harmonious Orpheus, who could stay
The flouds rough current by his mothers skill,
And the swift winds, and to his musick shrill
The then-quick-hearing trees had art to raise:
What rather than our parents usuall praise
Shall I first sing? or him that dos command
The affaires of men and gods, rules sea and land,
And dos the world by various seasons guide?
Than whom no greater power dos live beside,

Nor

Nor any equall is, or next in place,
Yet Pallas hath obtain'd the neareſt grace.
Nor of thee, *Bacchus*, will I ſilent bee,
Valiant in quarels; nor, O maid, of thee,
An enemie to ſavage beaſts that art,
Nor thee, O *Phœbus*, fear'd for thy ſure dart.
Alcides I, and *Ledaes* ſons will ſing,
The one renown'd, for horſe-back conquering,
To'ther for handy-ſtrokes; whoſe glorious ſtars,
When they appeare unto the marinars,
The forced water from the rocks doth flow,
The winds are laid, the clouds away doe goe,
And preſently (becauſe they ſo doe pleaſe)
The threatning waves are ſtill upon the ſeas.
Whether, next theſe, to ſing of *Romulus*,
Or the ſerene reigne of *Pompilius*,
Or of *Tarquinius* proud dominion,
Or *Catoes* noble fate, I ſtick upon;
I gratefully will in a loftie verſe
Regulus and the *Scauri* next rehearſe,
And *Paulus* prodigall of his brave blood,
What time the Carthaginian victor ſtood,
Next him *Fabritius*: cruſhing povertie
And a ſmall field left from their anceſtrie,
With a meet cell, him fit for war did ſquare,
And *Curius* with his uncurious haire;
Camillus too: *Marcellus* fame is growne
Like to a tree, unto an age unknowne.
Among all theſe the *Iulian* ſtar aſpires
Like to the Moone among the leſſer fires,
Thou father and preſerver of mankind,
Begot by *Saturne*, unto thee aſſign'd
Let all the care of *Cæſars* fortunes bee;
Doe thou reign chiefe, and *Cæſar* next to thee,
He, whether he in a juſt victory
Chain the tam'd Parthians foes to Italy,

Or he ſubdue the Seres and the Mores
Dwelling upon the orientall ſhores;
Inferiour to thee, ſhall as partner take
The wide worlds rule; but thou alone ſhalt ſhake
Heaven with thy ponderous chartet, and ſhalt caſt
Thy vengefull thunders on the groves unchaſte.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

A complaint that ſhee preferres Telephus *afore him.*

WHen thou the roſie neck of *Telephus*,
Telephus ſmooth armes (*Lydia*) praiſeſt thus,
Ah, my ſcorcht heart with untam'd choler ſwells,
Nor ſenſe, nor bloud in their due ſtation dwells,
And ſweat drops downe my cheekes, at it would ſay;
With what ſlow flames am I conſum'd away?
I am inrag'd, whether ſome ore-hot broile
Sprung out of wine, did thy white ſhoulders ſoile,
Or whether with his teeth the mad-cap ſpark
Upon thy lips have ſet ſome noted mark.
You cannot hope, if you will yeeld to mee,
That he will yours for everlaſting bee,
Who barb'rouſly 'dos your ſweet kiſſes harme,
Which *Venus* with the Quinteſſence did warme
Of her owne Nectar. "O thrice bleſt are thoſe,
"And more, whom an unſever'd band dos cloſe;
"Nor their loves, by falſe ſcandals rent away,
"Shall ere unknit untill their dying day.

ODE

Ode XIV.

To Brutus.

A perpetuall Allegorie against his civill warre.

O Ship, new flouds againe ſhall carry you
Into the ſea; ô, what doſt meane to doe?
Steare quickly to the port: doe not you ſee
How deſtitute of oares your port-holes bee?
And the maine maſt, and ſaile-yard too doe crack,
Being by the ſwift-wing'd North-wind put to rack;
And ſhips without their tackling can't prevaile
On the rough ſea; thou haſt not one whole ſaile;
Thou haſt no gods to whom thou out may'ſt crie,
Being againe oppreſt with miſerie;
Though thou a Pontick pine (the nobleſt breed
Of all the foreſt) boaſteſt of thy ſeed,
And fruitleſſe name; the fearfull mariner
Truſts not in painted boards: then doe tho• feare,
Unleſſe thou'lt be a may-game for the wind;
(Thou that waſt late my fearfull griefe of mind,
Now my deſire and chiefe care) ſhun the ſeas
Winding among the ſhining Cyclades.

Ode XV.

Nereus *propheſie of the ruine of Troy.*

WHen that falſe ſhepherd brought by ſea away
In Trojan ſhips his miſtreſſe Helena,

Nereus with an unpleasing lazinesse
Fetter'd the winds, untill he did expresse
His wofull fate. With an ill omen thou
Dost bring her home, whom Greece, bound in a vow
To breake thy match, and *Priams* antient raigne,
With many an armed band shall fetch againe.
O what a sweat doth horse and man annoy,
What slaughters for the nation of Troy
Dost thou procure? Now *Pallas* readie hath
Her helmet, *Ægis*, charrets, and sterne wrath.
In vaine shalt thou combe out thy locks, being stout
On *Venus* aid, and warble thy songs out
Pleasing to women, on thy feeble lyre;
In vaine shalt thou fly from the javelins, dire
To beds of love; their shafts of Cretian reed,
Their clamourings, and *Ajax* swift of speed
To follow thee; yet thou, alas, though late,
Thy lecherous haires in dust shalt vitiate.
Dost thou not thinke upon *Laertes* son,
The overthrow of all thy nation,
Nor *Pylian Nestor? Salaminius*,
And *Teucer*, and the war-skill'd *Sthenelus*
Fearlesse pursues thee, who, if need there were,
To fight on horse, is a swift charioter.
Thou shalt know *Merion* too: *Tydeus* stern son,
Scouter than's sire, to find thee mad doth run;
Whom thou faint heart with panting breath dost flie,
As a Deere mindlesse of his prey, doth hie
From the Wolfe seen in the vales farther side;
You made not such a promise to your bride.
The furious navie of *Achilles* shall
Procure to *Ilium* an utter fall,
And to the Trojan dames: some winters past,
The Grecian fire the Trojan towres shall blast.

ODE

Ode XVI.

A Recantation.

To a maid whom he had libell'd, and transfers the cause upon rage, which he describes.

Daughter more faire than thy fair mother was,
Upon my libelling Iambicks passe
What ever doome you will; whether you please
To cast them in the fire, or Adrian seas.
Not *Cybele*, nor the inhabiter
Of *Pythe*, dos so much his Priests minds stirre
From his hid cell, nor *Bacchus* his so much,
Nor Corybants their tinkling brasse so touch,
As fell wrath us: which nor the Turkish blade,
Nor the devouring sea can make afraid,
Nor cruell fire, nor *Iove* himselfe keep under,
Rushing upon us with his wrathfull thunder.
'Tis said *Prometheus*, being forc't to it,
Unto his curious peece of clay did knit
A portion cut from every thing, and prest
The raging Lions fury on our brest.
Rage with a sad destruction overthrew
Thyestes, and the chiefest causes grew
In greatest Cities, that they perisht all,
And the insulting foe drove on the wall
His hostile plough: stop rage; for my brests heat
Did in my flowing youth on mee too beat,
And upon sharp Iambicks sent me mad:
Now with milde songs I seeke to change what's sad,
And since my scandalls have recanted bin,
Be friends with mee, and give mee life agin.

Ode XVII.

To Tyndaris.

He inviteth her to Lucretilis, *which he highly praiſes.*

Swift *Faunus* from Lycæum changing is
Oft-times to the ſweet aird Lucretilis,
And parching heat, and cold winds doth remove
Still from my goats unharm'd through each ſafe grove.
The ſtrong-ſmell'd hee-goats mates wandring about,
The ſheltring ſhrubs, and beds of Tyme ſeek out,
Nor the kids fold the green skind ſerpent dreads;
Nor martiall wolves; when, *Tyndaris*, the meads,
And ſmooth-trod ſtones of ſteep Uſticas ground
With the ſweet-tuned pipe doe thorow ſound.
The gods keepe mee; my pietie and Muſe
Is gratefull to the gods: from hence accrues
Unto the full, out of the plenteous horne
A wealthy treaſure of the countries corne.
In a retired vale here ſhalt thou flee
The Dog-ſtars heat, and of *Penelope*
And beauteous *Circe* both for one at ſuite,
Shalt thou relate upon thy Teian Lute.
Here ſhalt thou drinke beneath a ſhadie tree
Goblets of Lesbian wine nere harming thee,
Nor *Bacchus* upon *Semele* begot
Shall any quarellings with *Mars* complot;
Nor yet ſuſpected ſhalt thou *Cyrus* feare
So raſh, leſt he his rude hands up ſhould reare
Gainſt thee too weake, and rend thy faſtned crowne
Off from thy haires, and teare thy harmleſſe gowne.

Ode

Ode XVIII.

To Quintius Varus.

That the moderate use of wine makes men pleasant; immoderate, turbulent.

'BOut Tiburs pleasant pasture, and the wall
Of Catilus, plant thou no tree at all,
O *Varus*, sooner than the sacred vine;
For *Bacchus* to the sober dos assigne
All hard afflictions, nor otherwise
Can they avoid sharp-tooth'd calamities.
Who in's wine prates of tedious woe or want?
Who, father *Bacchus*, dos not of thee chant,
And thee, faire *Venus*? but lest some indeed
The liberties of moderate wine exceed,
The Centaures quarrells with the Lapythæ,
Skirmished in their wine, admonish thee.
Bacchus advises thee, the Thracians foe,
When greedie of their appetite they goe
Through right and wrong with small distinction.
Thee, gentle *Bacchus*, Ile not set upon,
Without thy leave, nor bring into the light
Thy secret rites with many boughs bedight.
Thy trumpets shrill, and Trojan horne restraine,
Which blinde selfe-love succeeds, and glory vaine,
The emptie head more than is fitting swelling,
And glasse-transparent trust, hid secrets telling.

Ode

Ode XIX.

Of Glycera.

He is so tormented with love, that he cannot write of warre, but wantonnesse.

THe Cupids cruell mother, and the son
Of *Thebane Semele* commands me on,
And wanton libertie, again to move
My mind unto my long forsaken love.
Glycera's beautie fireth me alone,
Shining more bright than Parian marble stone.
Her lovely skorntfulnesse inflameth mee,
And look too dangerous for me to see
Venus upon me rushing with her might,
Left Cyprus, nor would suffer me to write
Of Scythians, and of Parthians valorous
On wrong-turn'd steeds, nor what concerns not us.
Young striplings, lay for me greene fresh turfe here,
Vervine and frankincense dispose me there,
With bowles of wine of two yeares old well fill'd:
Shee'l be more milde, the sacrifice being kill'd.

Ode XX.

To Mæcenas.

He inviteth him to a meane banquet.

WEak Sabine wine in small cups shalt thou taste,
Which in a Greek Pot clos'd my selfe had cas'd
(Dear

Deare Knight *Mæcenas*) when that the applause
Was given thee in the Theater; the cause
That thy owne rivers banks, and prattling aire
Of the hill *Vatican*, did again declare
Thy praises unto thee. Thou shalt digest
Thy Cæcube wine and grapes that have been prest
Out of the Calene fat: nor Falern wine
Nor Formian hills adorn these cups of mine.

ODE XXI.

Hee exhorteth young men and maids to the praise of Apollo *and* Diana.

YEE tender Virgins *Dian* sing,
Yee young men long haird *Phœbus* ring,
And *Latona* loved deere
Of the mightie *Iupiter*.
Sing yee her that pleased is
With rivers and the leaves of trees
Which in cold *Algidum* doe move,
Or *Erimanthus* shadie grove,
Or *Cragus* green: Yee young-men raise
Tempe with as many layes;
Doe ye also *Delos* hallow
Being the birth-place of *Apollo*,
And his shoulders digni[fi]ed
With shafts and's brothers lute beside.
He wofull warre shall chase from hence,
He wretched dearth and pestilence
From people, and from Emp'rour *Cæsar*,
For the Persians up shalt treasure,
And against the Britti[sh] nation,
Moved with your supplication.

ODE

Ode XXII.

To Aristius.

The integritie of life is every where safe, which he proves by his owne example.

THe sound of life, and from corruption freed,
(Fuscus) nor Indian darts, nor bow doth need,
Nor quiver full of poysoned shafts, though hee
Thorow the parching sands to travell bee,
Or the inhospitable Caucasus,
Or places which Hydaspes fabulous
Runs through; for in the Sabine grove from mee
Being unarm'd, a Wolfe away did flee,
While I did chant my Lalage, and goe
Beyond my bounds, being devoid of woe:
A monster which nor warlick *Daunia* feeds
In her large fields, nor *Iuba's* kingdome breeds,
The Lions dry-nurse. Say you banish mee
Unto those frozen lands, where never tree
Is recreated by the Summer heat,
Which part 'oth' world fogs and bad mists doe beat:
Place me beneath the carre 'oth' too-neere Sun,
Even in a Land where habitation
Was never knowne; yet will I still love thee,
My sweet-fac't, and my sweet-tongu'd Lalage.

Ode XXIII.

To Chloe.

That shee should not feare him, but forsake her mother, being ripe for a husband.

Like to a Hinde thou *Chloë* dost me fly
That seeks his dam upon the mountaines high,
With a fond feare of winds and trees.
For if the spring-time with mov'd leaves did rush,
Or green-skind Adder brustled through a bush,
He trembles both in heart and knees.
But I not like a Tyger fell,
Or a Getulian Lion, will
Pursue to teare thee: cease at length to flit
After thy damme, being for a husband fit.

Ode XXIV.

To Virgil.

Of the death of Quintilius.

Melpomene, thou unto whom thy sire
Gave a sweet voice together with thy lyre,
Sing thy sad tunes; what meane can be, or end
To the bewailing of so deare a friend?
Dos then an everlasting sleepe possesse
Quintilius? unto whom both modestnesse
And Justice sister (Faith from scandall cleare)
And naked Truth when will they finde a peere.

Bewail'd

Bewail'd of many good men died hee,
Bewail'd of no man, *Virgil*, more than thee.
Thou pious man (alas) but all in vain,
Demandst *Quintilius* of the gods again,
Not lent them to that end: but if that you
Should tune that Lute which trees did hearken to,
Better than Thracian *Orpheus*, yet agin
Life to that airie shape can nere come in,
Which *Mercury* (who never could be won
To reverse fates upon petition)
Hath once commanded downe to his black guard
With his most dreaded rod; the case is hard.
But " that by patience is made more light,
" Which 'tis not in our power to set aright.

Ode XXV.

To Lydia.

He insulteth over Lydia, *that now being old shee is despised of youngsters.*

Bold youngsters thy clos'd windowes seldome shake
With doubled blowes, nor thy sleeps from thee take,
And still the doore keepes shut, which heretofore
His oiled hinges moved ore and ore:
Now lesse and lesse th'art fam'd: whilst, *Lydia*,
I fall from thee, thou sleepst whole nights away.
In like sort, base old bawd, thou shalt complaine
For thy proud lechers downe in some by-lane,
Whilst neare th'eclipse the north-wind blowes more high,
When thy inflamed love, and lecherie
That's wont to make mates mad, shall rage upon
Thy diseas'd heart, with lamentation

That

That more in love each ſprightfull youngſter growes
With green leav'd Ivie, and freſh Myrtle boughs,
And the die wither'd leaves dos dedicate
To Hebrus ſtreame the froſts aſſociate.

ODE XXVI.

In the praiſe of Lamias.

I That unto the Muſes am a friend,
My griefes and fea es to rough winds will commend
Into the Cretick Ocean them to fling,
Nor will I notice take, by whom the King
Of the cold clime neare the North-pole is obey'd,
Nor what makes *Tiridates* ſore affraid.
O thou harmonious Pimplæan muſe,
That doſt about the full-b imm'd fountaines uſe,
Compoſe together flowers newly blow'n,
O make thou for my *Lamias* a crown.
My praiſings can doe nothing without you;
It doth behove thee, and thy ſiſters too,
Him with your new ſtrung Lutes to raiſe on high,
Him with your Lesbian Harp to deifie.

ODE XXVII.

To his Companions.

Againſt quarrelling in drink: deſiring Megella's *brother to drink his miſtreſſe health, hearing her name, he pities him.*

IT is the courſe of Thracians to fight
With cups made for increaſing of delight:

Take that Barbarian cuſtome hence, and ſtay
Your ruddie wine from any bloudy fray.
From wine and midnight revels ſtrange it is
How much the Median Cimeter diſagrees.
Allay, companions, this tumult ill,
And leane upon your reſted elbowes ſtill.
And would you have me quaffe my part up too
Of quarrell-breeding Falern wine with you?
Let *Opus*-bred *Megillaes* brother ſay,
With what wound he bleſt ſoule doth pine away?
By what dart? what now, ſlacks your diſpoſition?
I will not drink, except on this condition.
What love ſo ere thee quels, it barnes thee yet
With no baſe fires; and with ingenuous heat
Thou ſtill doſt frie; what ere thou haſt, impart,
Truſt it with my ſafe eares: Ah wretched heart!
In what a vaſt Charybdis doſt thou tire,
My boy more worthy of a better fire?
What witch, or what inchanter can you free
With his Theſſalian drugs? what deitie?
Scarce *Pegaſus* ſhall thee once bound at ſtake
From this three-ſhap't *Chimera* ever take.

Ode XXVIII.

An anſwer of Archytas, *the Philoſopher, to a Saylor, concerning the common neceſſitie of death.*

THee the ſurveyour both of ſea and land,
And of the never to be numbred ſand,
The ſmall gifts of a little duſt doe ſtay
Thee, *Archytas*, neare the Calabrian bay:
Nor dos it profit thee, (being to die)
To have ſearcht heav'n, and run through the round ſkie

In thy conceit. Why, *Pelops* father di'd,
Though the gods gueſt; *Tithonus* too beſide
Caught up into the aire: and *Minos* choſe
One of *Ioves* privie-councell: hell doth cloſe
Pythagoras once more to hell reſign'd,
Though he the Trojan age calling to mind,
By his erected ſhield, did dedicate
Nought but his nerves and skin to cruell fate,
Who (thou being judge) could no meane author bee
Of Phyſicks, and of true moralitie.
But there's one night for all men tarrieth,
And the once-to-be-trodden path of death.
Fiends on ſtern *Mars* doe ſome for ſport beſtow,
The ſea's the greedie ſailors overthrow.
Mixt funerals of old and young are heap't;
Dire *Proſerpine* o're no mans head hath leap't:
The ſouth-wind weſtern *Orions* rude mate too
Me in th' Illyrian ocean orethrew.
But thou (though cruel-hearted) Mariner
Some of thy waſte ſand ſpare not to conferre
Upon my bones and head unburied yet;
So whatſoere the ſouth-eaſt wind may threat
Upon the Spaniſh ſeas, while ſafe thou art,
Let the Venuſian foreſt feele the ſmart;
And may much traffick (whence it beſt may prove)
Flow in unto thee from propitious *Iove*,
And *Neptunes* hallowed Tarentine diety;
But if you feare not to doe an impiety
Harmfull unto thy harmleſſe progenie,
My unpai'd rites and hard fate watch for thee;
And till my prayer be anſwer'd ile not bate,
And thee no ſacrifice ſhall expiate.
Though you make haſte, (it will be no long ſtay)
Throw mould thrice on me, you may run your way.

Ode XXIX.

To Iccius.

Wondring that hee should turne from a Philosopher to a soldier.

TH'Arabians rich store thou now envi'st,
(O *Iccius*) and sharp artillery bui'st
'Gainst the Sabean Kings nere conquer'd yet,
And for the horrid Mede thou chaines dost knit.
What barbarous virgin (her betroth'd love slain,)
Shall tend on thee? what boy of courtly strain
With perfum'd locks shall stand thy cup to fill,
Who by his native archery hath skill
To shoot the Parthian darts? Who will denie
Steepe rivers may run up the mountains high,
And Tiber turne, when as thou dost assay
To change *Panætius* brave works away,
Bought on all hands, and thy Socratick ware
For Spanish bels; once promising so faire?

Ode XXX.

To Venus.

Praying her to come to Glycera's *Temple.*

VENUS of Cnidus and of Paphos Queen,
Scorn thy forsaken Cyprus, and come in
To the neat Temple of my *Glycera*,
Who with much incense dos unto thee pray.

Let

Let your moſt furious ſtripling come with you,
And looſe-roab'd Graces, and the Nymphs come too,
And let youths goddeſſe come, (that without thee
Is nothing beautifull) and *Mercurie.*

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

Requiring only health of body and minde, being he loved frugality.

WHat craves the Prieſt from *Phœbus* moſt divine?
What asks he, powring from his bowle new wine?
Not the full cares of fat Sardinia,
Nor lovely herds of hot Calabria,
Neither the Indian gold, nor Ivorie,
Neither the fields which *Lyris* glideth by
(That ſilent river with his quiet ſtream)
They to whom fortune hath given vines, let them
Prune them with hookes; and out of bowles of gold
Let the rich merchant ſuck is wines were ſold
For Syrian ware: he to the gods is deare,
Becauſe he three or foure times in a yeare
Unharm'd th'Atlantick Ocean can ſee.
Olives and Succory doe nouriſh mee,
And loos'ning Mallowes. Grant *Latona's* ſon,
While I am ſtrong, that I may feed upon
What next comes; and with perfect minde I pray
To paſſe a ſweet and merry age away.

Ode XXXII.

To his Lute.

Praising it, from the comfort it yeelded Alcæus.

WE are desir'd, if we (alone) have plaid
Any thing on thee underneath some shade;
Proceed my Lute, a Latine song tune ore,
Which both this yeare may live, and many more.
Thou first tun'd by that Lesbian citizen,
Who (valiant man at armes) though he had been
Amidst his troups, or else had lanched out
His navie from the washt shores tost about,
Bacchus, the Muses too, and *Venus* sung,
And her boy too that ever on her hung,
And *Lycus* beautifull with his black eyes,
And his black haire: O Lute, *Apollo's* prize,
And lov'd at feasts of mightie *Iupiter*,
O thou my labours sweetest temperer,
All happinesse be wisht to thee from me,
When in a comely sort I summon thee.

Ode XXXIII.

To Albius Tibullus.

Comforting him, that loving, was not beloved againe.

DOe not thou grieve too much, bearing in mind,
O *Albius*) thy *Glycera* unkind,
Nor tune sad lays, 'cause one more young than thou
Is more accepted, throw her cancell'd vow.

The

The love of *Cyrus* doth *Lycoris* burne.
Fam'd for her comely brow; *Cyrus* doth turne
After rough-natur'd *Pholoë*; but firſt
Kids ſhall among Apulian Wolves be nurſt,
Ere *Pholoë* ſin with that loth'd Sodomite;
For ſo to *Venus* it doth ſeeme moſt right,
Whom it delights in brazen yoakes to bind
With cruell ſport unequall ſhapes and mind.
When once there ſu'd to me a love much better,
Myrtale held me with a pleaſing fetter,
That ſlave that lowder than the ſea could roare
Of *Adria* curling the Calabrian ſhore.

Ode XXXIV.

He forſaketh the irreligious Epicurean ſect.

THe gods but ſcarce and ſeldome worſhipper,
While skill'd in mad Philoſophie I erre,
I now am made to turne my ſailes perforce,
And fall back to my long-forſaken courſe.
For with bright flames the cloud dividing *Iove*
His thunder-thod ſteeds, and ſwift charet drove
Through the bright aire, with which the earth ſo great,
The winding flouds, Styx, and the horrid ſeat
Of hated hell, and the Atlantick border
Is thorow-ſhaken: *Iove* can quickly order
Small things in ſtead of great, the man of worth
He makes a begger, bringing hid things forth.
The all-confounding fortune with lowd cry
Hence had her height: on this ſhee loves to lye.

Ode XXXV.

To Fortune.

Praying her to preserve Cæsar in his expedition against the Britains.

Goddesse that pleasing Antium dost steare,
Being potent from the lowest step to reare
The putrifying body, and to turne
The proudest triumphs to the funerall urne:
The Country poore swaine with his trembling vow
Seeks thee; and who the Turkish seas doth plow
With Greek ships, as the sea's Queen honours thee:
The Dacians fierce, and Scythians apt to flee
From place to place, cities and nations too,
And warlike Italy stands in awe of you,
And barbarous Kings mothers are afeard,
And Tyrants too with purple gore besmear'd.
O doe not thou with a destructive foot
Our firme fixt pillar from his basis root,
Nor let the gathier'd rout to armes command
Our quiet troupes, to armes, and waste our land:
Severe fate ever dos before thee passe,
Carrying sharp pikes in her hand of brasse,
And wedges; nor from it is severed
The tort'ring gibber, nor the molten lead.
Hope, and Faith (seldome found) being veil'd ore
With a white vestiment, dos thee adore,
Nor thee for her companion denies,
When, as a foe, thou leav'st great families,
With thy chang'd robe: but the perfidious rout,
And strumpetizing perjur'd crue slinke out;
"Friends, when our hogs-heads to the lees are drie,
"Failing to beare the yoake with us, all flie.

Guard.

Guard *Cesar* (ready now to set upon
The Britain, the worlds utmost nation)
And our young souldiers fresh-waterd power
So Terrible to all the Easterne shoares,
And the Red-sea: Ah, ah it shameth mee
To thinke of home-bred skars and crueltie,
And brother against brother. We, hard seed,
what have we shunn'd? we, most accursed breed,
What left untri'd? when did our young-train'd band,
In reverence to the gods, restrain their hand?
What Altars did they spare? would heaven that you
Would fashion over upon anvills new
Those weapons to be hammer'd out againe
Against the Goths and the Arabian traine.

Ode XXXVI.

A gratulation for Numidas *safe comming home, and an exhortation to be merry.*

I Love with frankincense and harmonie,
And heifers vowed bloud to gratifie
Numidas guarding deities, who again,
Safely return'd from farthest part of Spain,
Gives many kisses to his friends away,
But to none more than his deare *Lamia*;
Counting their youths spent under the same guide,
And their gownes changed both at the same tide.
Let not that glorious day want a white stone,
Nor stoppage of the pierced butt be knowne:
And (as the manner of the *Salii* is)
Let not our feet have rest, nor *Damalis*,
Pow'rfull to drink much wine, *Bassus* controule
With the long'st breath-exceeding Thracian bowle.

Let's want no roſes at our banquetting,
Parſly ſtill green, Lilies ſoone withering.
And all ſhall caſt their eyes with luſt to ſtain'd
On *Damalis*, yet ſhall not ſhee be train'd
Away by any new adulterer,
Though ſhee more fond than clinging Ivie were.

Ode XXXVII.

Exhorting his compeeres to mirth for the victory at Actium.

NOw muſt we drink, now freely dance, my mates,
Now it is time to deck with Saliar cates,
The table of the gods: it was a fault
Of late to fetch wine from the ancient vault;
When the Queen with a lothſome muſter'd breed,
(A moſt infectious hoſpital indeed)
Hammer'd the fancied death and funerall
Both of the Capitol and ſtate withall;
Conceiting that ſhee any thing could doe,
And being drunke with her ſweet fortune too:
But ſcarce one ſhip eſcaping from the flame
Pull'd downe her rage; and *Cæſar* new did frame
Her ſoule, made drunk with her Ægyptian crowne,
To reall feares, purſuing her ſtrait downe
By ſea, when ſhe eſcap'd from Italy,
(Like as the Hawke at the poore Dove doth fly,
Or huntſman ſwift after a hare doth goe
Through fields of Thrace quite cover'd ore with ſnow:)
That he in chains the fatall beaſt might lay;
But ſhe, who ſought to die a nobler way,
Nor woman-like afraid of ſwords did ſtand,
Nor with quicke ſailes fled forth Ægyptian ſtrand;
Who brave ſoule, durſt her ruin'd palace ſee,
With countenance full of ſerenitie,

And

And handle ſtinging ſnakes, that ſhe might draine
Into her bodie their infectious bane;
Growing by her determin'd death more ſtout;
Scorning as captive to be borne about
In ſtrong Liburnian ſhips in vaunting ſhow,
Being a woman of a ſpirit not low.

ODE XXXVIII.

Hee wills his boy to provide nothing but Myrtle to the ſetting forth of his banquet.

BOy, I doe hate the Perſian nicetie,
Their garlands bound with ribands pleaſe not mee,
And doe not thou moleſt thy ſelfe to know
In what place the late ſpringing roſe doth blow.
I chiefly doe take care you ſhould provide
To the plain Myrtle nothing elſe beſide;
Myrtle will not ſhame thee my boy, nor mee
Drinking beneath the ſhadowing vine-tree.

The end of the firſt Booke of the Odes of Horace.

THE SECOND BOOKE of the *Odes* of HORACE.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

Hee desireth him to lay aside his admirable Tragedies, concerning the civill warres that had beene in Rome, and the severall occurrences therein, till he have setled the affaires of the Common-wealth. Then hee commendeth him, and his rare expressions of the warre; whereunto hee adjoynes the deplorable calamitie occasioned by their civill dissentions.

THe civill war, wag'd when *Metellus* was
Our Consul, and each battels severall cause,
And our corruptions, and State-alterations,
And fortunes sport, & kings firme cõbinations,
And weapons stain'd with bloud unexpiated
(A worke with dangerous hazzard operated)
Thou tak'st in hand, and thou on fires dost tread
Under deceitfull ashes buri'd.

Oh

Oh let the Muſe of your ſad Tragedie
A ſhort time from the Theaters lie by:
When thou haſt ordered State affaires awhile,
On to thy brave worke in thy Attricke ſtyle.
Rare helpe to condemn'd ſoules oppreſt with woe,
And thy-aid-craving Court, O *Pollio*,
To whom in the Dalmatian victorie
The Laurell gave eternall dignitie.
Now with the Trumps dread noiſe my eares you fill,
And now againe the Fiſes ſound very ſhrill;
And now the armors gliſtering terrifies
The praunſing horſes, and the horſemens eyes.
Me thinkes I now doe mighty Captaines heare
Beſmear'd with graceſull duſt ore every where,
And all parts of the univerſe ſuppreſt,
Excepting *Cato's* never daunted breſt:
Iuno, and what ere Deitie more ſtable
Unto the Affricans, yet being unable,
Fled from their unavenged land away,
Our Conquerors poſterity did ſlay
In ſacrifice to *Iugurth*: Oh what field,
Manur'd with Roman ſlaughter, does not yeeld
A teſtimony of our wicked warr
Even from our graves; and the fame nois'd as farr
As to the Perſians of Romes overthrow?
What Ocean or what Rivers doe not know
Our woefull battels, or what Oceans bay
Have not our ſlaughters in Appulia
Di'de of a crimſon colour? or what ſhore
Has wanted any of our ſluced gore.
But leſt (bold Muſe) leaving your ſports you uſe
The office of *Simonides* his muſe,
Upon a gentler ſtring thy meaſures move
Alone with me under ſome lovely grove.

ODE

Ode II.

To C. Salustius Crispus.

There is no goodnesse in the possession of wealth, without the moderate use of it. He truly is a King, and a blessed man, that can command his desires.

THere is no beauty in the silver found
While it is hid in the devouring ground,
Crispus Salustius thou foe to coyne,
Unlesse it with a moderate usage shine.
Let *Proculeius* live time unconfin'd,
Fam'd towards his brothers for his fathers mind,
And his surviving fame him up shall beare
With wings that dissolution doe not feare.
Thou shalt more amply reigne, if thou confine
Thy haughty spirit, than if thou *Libya* joyne
To furthest *Cales*, and unto these alone
Both *Carthaginians* vow subjection.
The dire selfe-glutting dropsie dos increase,
Nor slakes the thirst, still cause of the disease,
And all the wateriſh corruption
Out of the veines and the pale corps be gon.
Vertue that rankes not with the vulgar best,
Dischargeth from the number of the blest
Phrahates setled in the *Persian* Throne,
And new instructeth every nation
On false opinions not to relie;
Giving him a Kingdome, and firme Royalty,
And perfect praise, whom mighty heapes of gold
Can with an uncorrupted eye behold.

Ode

Ode III.

To Gellius.

Since we must die, the minde must neither be dejected in adversity, nor puffed up in prosperity.

Remember *Gellius*, since thou must die,
To keepe a strong mind in adversitie,
And in best state from haughty glorying free;
Whether thou all thy life time pensive be,
Or whether that thou do'st thine owne selfe feast,
Being in some secret Arbour laid to rest,
With long stor'd liquor of the *Falerne* Vine
On every holiday, where the tall Pine,
And white leav'd Poplar with their boughes doe love
To knit in one an hospitable grove.
What's here to doe? the gliding river prides
To run with murmurs by his winding sides.
Goe bid the boyes bring wine and odours hither,
And fragrant buds of Roses that soone wither,
While our estates, and yeeres, and blacke threed-sleanes
Of the three sisters doe afford us meanes.
You purchas'd fields, and house, and farme shall lose,
By which the yellow-sanded Tiber flowes;
These you shall part from, and your heire shall reape
Your riches raised to a mighty heape.
It skils not whether you be rich in store,
Descended from old *Inachus*; or poore,
And of the meanest ranck in fields dost dwell;
Thou'rt but a feast for all-devouring hell:
Thither we all are driven, all mens fate
Is shaken in one box, that soone or late
Must have an end, and us in *Charons* wherrie
To everlasting banishment must ferry.

Ode

Ode IIII.

To Xanthias Phoceus.

That hee should not bee ashamed to be captivated to the love of a maide.

Xanthias Phoceus let not a maides love
Shame thee: the captive *Briseis* did move
Achilles, lteme at first, with her faire looke;
The beauty of captiv'd *Tecmessa* tooke
The Lordly *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*;
And *Agamemnon* too was madd upon
A captive maid, amidst his victory,
After the barb'rous troopes did slaughterd lye
By the Thessalian foe, and *Hector* slaine
Laid open Troy now easier to be t'ane
By the ore-wearied Greeks: you cannot say
Whether faire *Phyllis* princely parents may
Grace thee their sonne in law: for certainty,
She do's bewaile her kingly family,
And envious houshold gods: thinke not that she
From a dishonest stocke was chose for thee;
Nor one so loyall, so averse from gaine,
Sprung from a mother meriting disdaine.
I, from suspition free, doe highly prize
Her armes, and face, and her smooth rising thighes:
Then scorne thou to suspect the man, whose date
Hastens his fortieth yeare to consummate,

Ode

Ode V.

He deborteth some one of his friends, from the love of Lalage, a raw virgin, and not ripe for a husband.

ON her tam'd necke she yet can't undergoe
The yoke, nor office of a bedtellow
Can yet performe, nor beare the heavinesse
Of the bull that unto his lust doth presse.
Thy heifers mind is for the flowrie fields,
That now neare streames the toilsome parching shields,
Now love's mong calves in osiers moist to play:
Put the desire of the sowre grape away.
Ere long the Autumne will display to you,
His blew with clusters mixt with purple hue.
Ere long she'l seeke you; for strong age mak's haste,
And those yeares, which it takes from thee, shall cast
All upon her; thy *Lalage* anon
With fretted brow her mate shall set upon;
So amiable, as not *Pholoe*
So swift of foote, nor *Chloris* ere could be:
She being with her ivory skin as bright,
As the cleere moone shines in the sea by night,
Or Cnidian *Gyges*: whom if you would set
Mong troupes of girles, he wonderously would cheat
The prying guests (the difference scarce found out)
with his loose haires and lookes still moving doubt.

Ode VI.

To Septimius.

He commendeth the sweetnesse of the aire about Tibur and Tarentum; that he would willingly end his daye, with Septimius in one of them.

SEptimius, that must goe to Cales with me,
And to the Spaniards that unused be

To

To beare our yoakes, and to the barbarous shoares
Where still the Mauritanian Ocean roares:
Would Tibur, by the Argive builder laid,
Might be the mansion of my old age made;
Be that the bound to him that's wearied quite
With navigations, travellings, and fight.
Which if the envious destinies deny,
Unto *Galesus* pleasing streames ile hie.
Among the well fleec'd sheepe, and to the land
Rul'd by *Laconian Phalantus* hand.
That plat of ground above all pleases me,
Whose honies no worse than Hymettian bee,
And Olives with greene Venafran contend;
Where Jove long springs, and winters warme doth send;
And Aulon, loving to the fertile vines,
Yeelds but a little to the Falern wines.
That portion, and those glorious buildings too,
Together with my selfe, doe wish for you;
There with true teares you the wax me dust shall blend
Of me that am thy Poet and thy friend.

Ode VII.

To Pompeius Varus.

He congratulateth his fellow-souldier Pompeius Varus *his retutne from warre.*

Pompey the chiefe of my associates,
That to the utmost hazzard of our fates
Hast oftentimes along with me been led,
When *Brutus* of our Armies was the head;
With whom in wine I oft the long day spent,
Crowning my bright haires with my Syrian scent;

Who

Who hath reſtored thee a Citizen
Unto our gods and Roman air agen?
With thee I taſted of Philippi field,
And ſwift flight (having baſely loſt my ſhield)
When our foil'd powers (and menacing before)
The foule earth with their bodies covered ore.
But trembling me ſwift *Mercury* did ſhrowd
Thorow my enemies in a thickned cloud:
But the flood, ſucking thee to warre againe,
Once more committed to the raging maine.
Now then to Jove thy vowed offerings pay;
And thy corps, wearied with long warfare, lay
Under my lawrell tree, and doe not ſpare
My wine tubs that for thee appointed are.
With care removing wine the ſmooth bowls fill,
The oile from the capacious Jarres diſtill:
Who will take order to make up for me
Wreathes of moiſt parſley, or the myrtle tree?
What arbiter will the Venerean throw
Allow us for our healths? I will not now
Be leſſe wilde then the Thracians: Ide light
Now my friend's ſafe return'd, to be foxt quite.

ODE VIII.

Againſt BARINE a whore.

'Tis no wonder ſhee feares not to forſweare, being ſhee is neere ſtruck by heaven for it, but rather growes more beautifull after it.

IF any puniſhment of perjurie,
Barine, any time had harmed thee,
Wert thou deform'd in one blacke tooth or naile,
I ſhould beleeve: but thou, when thou doſt baile

Thy

Thy perjur'd head with vowes, thin'ſt much more faire,
And walk'ſt abroad, our young mens publicke care
Your mothers hidden aſhes you may ſlight,
And ſilent conſtellations of the night,
With the whole heavens and gods from pale death ty'd
Venus (I ſay) her ſelfe doth this deride,
The plaine nymphes ſmile, and cruell *Cupid*, framing
On bloody hones his arrowes ever flaming.
Adde here, that all our youth to you improves,
New ſervitors grow up, nor former loves
The houſe of thee their impious miſtris quit,
Although they oftentimes have threatned it.
Thee mothers, thee old fathers very neare,
In regard of their youthfull ſonnes doe feare,
And wretched young girles wed awhile goe,
Leſt that thy breath their husbands ſhould foreſlowe.

Ode IX.

To Valgius.

Hee counſels him to give o're mourning for his young boy Myſtes.

FRiend *Valgius*, ſhowres doe not ſtill abound
From forth the clouds upon the furrowed ground;
Nor rough ſtormes on the Caſpian ſea doe roare,
Nor ſtiffe ice ſtand on the Armenian ſhore,
Nor Gargan woods are by the North wind ſhaken,
Nor are the Aſh-trees of their leaves forſaken
All the yeare long: yet thou doſt ſtill complaine
In mournfull layes for *Myſtes* from thee tane,
Nor ceaſe thy plaints when as the night doth riſe,
Nor when againe it from the hot Sunne flies.
But that old man who did three ages live,
For ſweet *Antilochus* did not all times grieve;

The

The parent and the Phrygian ſiſters thus
Bewayl'd not always beardleſſe *Troilus*.
Eaſe thy ſoft plaints then, and lets rather raiſe
Auguſtus Cæſars newly purchas'd praiſe,
And ſtrong Niphates, and the Median river
Mixt 'mongſt the conquerd nations, that deliver
Their currents weaker; and the Scythians tide
Within their bounds, in little cloſes ride.

Ode X.

To Licinius.

That mediocrity and evenneſſe of minde, in both fortunes, are the beſt things to make our lives happy.

Licinius, thou ſhalt live more uprightly,
If thou nor always doe the Ocean try,
Nor, while you warily the tempeſts feare,
Too much along the uneven ſhore doe ſteare.
Who loves the golden meane (ſecure) is free
From filth of a foule cell: contented he
Wants envie-moving towers: The tall pine oft
Is ſhooke with winds; and turrets reard aloft
Doe with the greater ruine downeward fall,
And thunder ſtrikes the higheſt hils of all.
The wel-armd breaſt hopes in his adverſe ſtate,
Feares in faire weather a contrary fate:
Jove brings rude winters, he doth them remove:
If it be ill now, 'twill not ſtill ſo prove.
Sometime *Apollo* raiſes his ſtill Muſe
Unto his Lute, nor ſtill his Bow doth uſe.
Thy ſelfe couragious and valiant frame
In adverſe matters, and, being ſtill the ſame,
Thou very wiſely in againe ſhalt hale
In a too proſperous wind thy ſwelling ſaile.

Ode

ODE XI.

TO Q. HIRPINUS.

That we should rather live merrily, then toile the mind with thought of things to come.

Q*uintius Hirpine* cease to enquire what
The warlike Spaniard and the Scythian plot,
Parted by th'interposed Adrian waves;
Nor be thou troubled for thy life that craves
But a few things for its necessitie:
Smooth youth and comelinesse away doe flie;
While withered hoary heads away doe keepe
The wanton dallyings, and gentle sleepe.
The spring flowers beauty is not still the same,
Nor doth the bright Moone still with one shape flame.
Why dost thou weary out thy soule that is
Too weak for the eternall mysteries?
Under this tall Plane, or this Pine being laid
Thus carelesly, and our white haires displaid
With roses, and being drest with Syrian nard,
Why, while we may doe't, do we not drinke hard?
Bacchus dispelleth carping cares away:
What boy will quickly now our cups allay
Of heady wine, with the by-gliding spring?
Who will the by-lan'd harlot *Lyde* bring
Out of her doores? goe and command that she
Doe with her ivory lute make haste to me,
In a smooth comb'd knot having ty'd her haire,
So as the fashions of the Spartans are.

ODE

ODE XII.

TO MAECENAS.

Grave and tragicke matters will not agree with the wantonnesse of his lyricke verses: that Mæcenas *may better write the acts of* Augustus *in prose.*

DOe not command that to the lutes soft strings
Cruell *Numances* tedious quarrellings,
Sterne *Annibal*, or seas of *Sicilie*,
Made red with *Punicke* blood, should fitted be;
Nor cruell *Lapythe*, nor *Hylæus* flam'd
Too much with wine, nor the earths youngsters tam'd
By th'hand of *Hercules*, whence the bright sphere
Of ancient *Saturne* did destruction feare.
And thou, *Mæcenas*, better shalt dispose
The wars of *Cæsar* in thy workes of prose,
And necks of threatning Kings dragg'd through the street:
But my muse bids me praise the musicke sweet
Of my *Licinia*, and her eyes bright-shining,
And breast most loyall to our loves conjoyning:
Whom it nor misbeseem'd her foot to fit
In dances, nor to sport in jest, nor knit
Her armes 'mong comly virgins, being at play
On honoured *Dianaes* holy day.
Would you exchange for my *Licinias* haire
The wealth that rich *Archemenes* did share;
Or fertile *Phrygias Mygdonian* prize,
Or the Arabians full treasuries?
While she doth yeeld her head to fragrant kisses,
Or with mild scorne denies; which yet she wishes,
More than the suitor, he from her would snatch,
And sometimes doth prevent him, and first catch

ODE

ODE XIII.

Cursing a tree with fall whereof in his own ground he had almost beene killed, hee thence proveth that dangers of death do compasse men every houre, when they least think of them: the praises of Sappho *and* Alcæus, *whose sings (especially* Alcæus *his) moved admiration even in the Ghosts themselves.*

TRee, he did plant thee in a day accurst,
And with a wicked hand, who set thee first
To the destruction of Posteritie,
And to our townes disgrace; I beleeve he
Broke his owne fathers necke, and did all o're
Besmeare his house with his guests night-shed gore:
Ho Colchick poisons, and what ever sin
Can any way be thought on, traded in;
Who thee sad truncke set in my field, to fall
On thy lords head not meriting it all.
"Men never can take heed sufficiently
"Of what at all houres every one should flie:
The Carthaginian Saylour feares the Straits,
Nor farther doth he dread his hidden fates.
Our bands the Parthians darts, and nimble flight,
The Parthian feares our chains and Roman might:
But yet the destinies unsearched power
Hath swallowed and all nations will devoure.
How near saw I blacke *Proserpines* whole stations,
And judging *Æacus*, and fit situations
Of holy soules, and *Sappho* who did carpe
Against her country dames on her Greeke harpe;
And thee *Alcæus*, on thy golden strings,
Sounding out sea-fights cruell sufferings,
The cruell sufferings of banishment,

Wars

Wars cruelties with a more full conceit?
The ghosts admire they both could chaunt upon
Things worth their hallowed attention;
But rather far, battels, and tyrants slaine
The crowding rout doe in their eares retaine.
What wonder? when the hundred-headed hound,
Flags his blacke eares, amaz'd at such a sound,
And all the Adders woven in the haire
Of the *Eumenides*, refreshed are.
Nay both *Prometheus* too, and *Pelops* sire
Are eas'd of torments by their pleasing quire,
Nor doth *Orion* care to follow hard
The Lion, or the panting Leopard.

Ode XIIII.

To Posthumus.

Since death waits for all, Posthumus *should not spare these riches which his heire after him will waste.*

Ah, *Posthumus*, the swift yeares glide away,
Nor can thy pietie procure a stay
For wrinckles, swift age, and sterne death; though still
You should, my friend, relentlesse *Pluto* fill
With full three hundred Buls, through the yeares course,
Him who three bodied *Gerion* doth force,
And *Tityus* in sad streames; the which indeed,
By all of us (who on the blessings feed
Of this earth) must be throughly passed ore,
Whether that we be kings, or peasants poore.
In vaine we shall from stern death fly away,
And the dasht waves of bellowing Adria;
In vaine we from the South wind shall us arme
That every autumne doth our bodies harme:

Foggy *Cocytus* we must all goe see,
Which wanders with his streames that lazie bee,
And *Danaus* hated stocke, and *Sisiphus*
The long-toile-suffering sonne of *Æolus*.
You land, and house, and pleasing wife must leese,
Neither shall any one of all those trees
Which you possesse, save Cypresses abhorr'd,
Attend on thee their quickly perisht Lord.
A worthier heire shall drinke thy wines quite dry,
Kept with a hundred lockes, and he shall dye
His stately pavement with farre better wine,
Then that at banquets of the Priests divine.

Ode XV.

He condemnes their great pride in building, and praises the frugalitie of old time.

OUr princely edifices will allow
But a few acres for the ploughshare now:
On every side our fish-ponds shall be seene
More spacious then the Lucrine fen hath beene.
The single Plane-tree shall the Elme excell:
Then violets, myrtles, and all kinds of smell
Shall odours in those olive yards afford,
That have beene fertile to their former Lord.
A set of bay trees, thicke with branches, then
The parching sun-beames out from them shall ken;
'Twas not decreed by th'act of *Romulus*
And unshav'd *Cato*, and the ancients thus.
The private wealth with them was very small,
The Common wealth was then the chiefe of all:
No Galleries of ten foot measured forth,
'Mong private men, stood toward the shady North;

Nor

Nor did the lawes permit them to disdaine
The homely grasse; commanding them againe
To build their Townes up at the publick charge,
And the gods Temples with new stones enlarge.

Ode XVI.

To Grosphus.

That all desire tranquillity of minde, but few obtaine it.

THe sea-man prayeth to the gods for ease,
Being tost upon the vast Ægean seas,
When a blacke cloud ha's hid the Moone, and Stars
Appeare uncertaine to the Marinars:
Furious Thrace for rest from war doth sue;
The Medes, adorned with their quivers too,
Doe beg for ease, ô *Grosphus*, that is sold
Neither for gemmes, nor purple robes, nor gold,
For neither can the Magazines of stone,
Nor Consuls officer thrust out of doore
The consciences afflictive terrifying,
And cares about the fretted chambers flying.
He with a litle does contented dine,
On whose small board his fathers salt doth shine,
Neither despaire, nor sordid coveting
His gentle slumbers ere from him shall wring.
Why doe we proud soules in our span-age plot
A many things? why unto lands made hot
With different Sunnes run we? who being banish'd
From his own soile, hath from his own selfe vanish'd?
Vicious care the brasse-keel'd ships doth scale,
Neither from troupes of horse-men doth it faile,

More nimble than the Roes, and far more ſwift
Then the Eaſt wind that ſets the clouds adrift.
The mind that for the preſent time is light,
To care for what ſhall follow, let it ſlight,
And with ſweet laughter temper all things tart:
There's nothing proſperous in every part.
A ſudden death did brave *Achilles* ſlay,
Lingring age pin'd *Tithonus* quite away;
And time perhaps may unto me betide
The thing which it hath unto thee denide.
An hundred flocks, and kine of Sicilie
Doe round about thee bellow; unto thee
The Mare fit for the teeme doth raiſe her cry;
Garments twice dipt in Affricke ſcarlet die
Cloath thee: my never-failing fare did daigne
To me ſome ſmall grounds, and a ſlender veine
Of Græcian poeſie, and with it beſide
The ſtill-malicious vulgar to deride.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS being ſicke.

That there is ſuch union of ſoules betweene him and Mæcenas, *that he nor can, nor will live without him.*

WHerefore with thy complaints unſoul'ſt thou (me?
Pleaſing unto the gods it cannot be
Nor me, that thou, *Mæcenas*, firſt ſhouldſt die,
My ſtates great glory, and ſecuritie.
Ah, if a ſwifter fate ſnatch thee away
The one halfe of my ſoule, why doe I ſtay
That am the other, that cannot ſurvive
Nor deare unto my ſelfe, nor all alive?
The day ſhall worke the ruine of us both;
We have not taken a perfidious oath:

'Mor-

Wee'

Wee'l goe, wee'l goe, when thou the day shalt lead,
Prepar'd companions our last path to tread.
Me nor the fiery *Chimera's* flame,
Nor hundred handed *Gyas*, if he came,
Shall ever part: it pleased on this wise
All-potent Justice and the destinies.
Whether the *Scales* or horrid *Scorpion*
(My birth-houres stronger part) lookes me upon,
Or Capricorn the Westerne Oceans lord,
Yet both our stars in wondrous sort accord.
Thee Joves refulgent tutelage tooke backe
From impious Saturne, and the wings did slacke
Of swift fate, when the people, gathering round,
Thrice in the Theatre made a joyfull sound:
A tree upon my head almost fal'ne downe
Had murdered me, if *Faunus* had not throwne
The force of it aside with his right hand,
(The Governour of the Mercurrial band)
Remember thou thy offerings to pay,
And thy vowd temple: wee'l a meeke lambe slay.

Ode XVII.

That he liveth content with his owne lot, and meane fortune, while others toile themselves in building magnificent Palaces, even with the oppression of the poore; as if they had forgot that the same common necessitie of dying lies on them, that lies on others.

NOr ivory, nor golden roofe doth shine
In any mansion of mine;
Nor beames, fetcht from *Hymettus*, stay
On pillars cut from fartheſt Affrica:
Nor have I ever (as an heire unknowne)
Usurped *Attalus* his throne;

Nor doe our Iames that honeſt be
Spin their Laconicke purple wooll for me.
But I have muſicke, and a vein of wit
Ful-flowing, and the rich ſubmit
To me a poore man: nothing more
Then this is doe I of the gods implore;
Nor greater gifts of my great friends requeſt,
In my one Sabine field well bleſt.
Day is ſtill expell'd by day,
And new moones doe increaſe to wane away.
Thou marble ſtones to be hewen out doſt hire,
Near upon thy funerall fire;
And, mindleſſe of thy Sepulcher,
Buildſt houſes, and doſt ſtrive the ſhoares to weare
Of the ſea neare the bathes making a ſound,
Not rich enough on the firme ground.
Why? cauſe you your next land-marks waſte,
And greedy o're your tenants fences haſte:
The man and wife is thruſt out, at their breſt
Bearing their gods and brats undreſt.
Yet no houſe ſurer doth attend
The rich lord, then devouring hels fixt end.
Why ſeeke you more? "the earth alike muſt bee
"For the poore man, as kings ſonnes free.
Hels porter (nere with bribes oretane)
Cunning *Promotheus* hath not freed againe.
He the proud *Tantalus* cloſe up doth tye,
And *Tantalus* his progenie.
"Call'd, or not call'd, he prepares
To eaſe the dying begger of his cares.

ODE

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

It is meet for him to sing Bacchus *his prayses.*

I *Bacchus* in remotest rocks did see
Teaching his song (beleev't posteritie)
And Nymphes a learning, and the prickt up eares
Of the Goat-footed Satyres: with fresh feares
My soule doth Evoe utter; and my brest
Full gorg'd with Wine, doth rumblingly egest
Evoe: O *Bacchus* spare me, spare me thou
All dreadfull with thy fatall ivie bough,
It very fitting is for me to sing
Thy wanton *Thyades*, and thy wines spring,
And thy full streame of milke to chant againe,
And hony dropping from the hollow cane:
It's fit for me to descant on the Crowne
Of thy blest wife, among the stars fixt downe;
And *Pentheus* house thrown down with no meane blow,
And Thracian *Lycurgus* overthrow.
Thou rivers, thou the barb'rous sea dost still,
Thou, throughly drench't on some retired hill,
Together in a viperous knot dost charme
The Thracian womens tresses without harme.
When as the Gyants impious Company
Assail'd your fathers kingdome through the sky,
You *Rhoecus* with his lyons pawes orethrew,
And with his horrid jawes: although that you
Being held more fit for maskes, and playes, and sports,
As one scarce fit for warre had the report;
Yet thou wast found for peace indifferent,
And war too: *Cerberus*, then innocent,
Saw thee adorned with the golden Crowne,
Wagging his taile full gently up and downe;

And with's three-tongu'd chaps 'bout the feet did play,
And legs of thee when thou didst part away.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

That he hath got himselfe immortall glory by his poems, and that he shall be famous with the remotest and most barbarous nations.

I A two shaped poet will not flye
With cõmon and mean wings through the moist skye;
Nor to the earth will any longer cleave,
And above envie I the world will leave.
I the succession of my parents poore,
I, deare *Mæcenas*, whom thou dost implore,
Will not quite perish, neither will I be
Stayd in the Stygian poole continually.
Now, now rough skin upon my thighes doth grow,
And I a silver Swan am turnd unto
In all my upper parts, and gentle downe
Upon my fingers and my armes is growne.
Now swifter than Dædalean *Icarus*
I'l see the shores of roaring Bospho rus,
(Being a sweet voic'd Cygnet) and the sands
Of Affricke, and the Hyperborean lands.
The Colchick and the Dacian me shall know,
Who at our Marsian troupes a feare doe show:
The remote Scythes, and Spaniard valiant,
And also Rhodanus inhabitant.
Far be sad tunes from my mean obsequies,
And squalid lamentations and cries;
Keepe to your selfe all clamors, and defer
The needlesse duties of my Sepulcher.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE of the *Odes* of HORACE.

ODE I.

Blessednesse consists not in wealth or honour, but in quietnesse and contentednesse.

I Doe abhorre the multitude prophane,
And chase them hence: do ye your tongues restraine:
I priest unto the Muses, warble ore
To maids, and young men, songs nere heard before:
" Dreadfull kings power is ore their proper drove,
" Ore kings themselves is the command of *Iove*,
Made famous in the gyants victorie,
And over ruling all things with his eye.
It may be one man than another, may
His trees more largely in his furrowes lay;
This a more generous suitor may descend
Into the field; another may contend
Better in his conditions and report;
More store of clients may to him resort;
" Death by the same law, high and low doth take,
His spacious lotterie every name doth shake.

Over whose vile head hangs a naked sword,
Neither Sicilian dainties can afford
A pleasing relish to him, nor the straine
Of birds and lutes reduce his sleepe againe:
Sweet sleepe disdaines not countrie clownes low sheads,
And shadie bankes, and Zephyre-fanned meades.
Him that desireth onely whats enough,
Neither the Ocean sea, being made rough,
Nor cruell raging of the falling Beare,
Or rising Capricorne can strike with feare:
Neither his vineyards batter'd with the haile;
Nor plat of ground that dos of bearing faile,
While now the trees doe at the waters carpe,
Now at earth-parching stars, now winters sharpe.
The very fishes feele the ocean shrunke
With huge foundations in their bottome sunke:
The busie purchaser, and landlord (growne
Wearie oth' land) sends hither his hew'ne stone,
With workmen; but "despaire and horror goe
"That way their master dos; nor will black woe
"Depart from the brasse-armed keele, and it
"Even behind the horsemans back dos sit.
But if nor Phrygian stone, nor purples shine,
More glorious than the stars, nor Falerne wine,
Nor Westerne shrubs can ease the grieved spirit,
Wherefore with pillars that may envie merit,
And in a new invented way shall I
A high exalted palace edifie?
Wherefore shall I exchange my Sabine grove
For riches that more troublesome will prove?

ODE II.

An exhortation to endure hardneſſe and povertie.

LEt the tough youth in bitter war-fare try,
Eaſily to endure hard povertie,
And like a dreadfull horſeman, with his ſpeare,
Strike the ore-daring Parthians with feare,
And in the open field to lead his life,
And dangerous adventures; while the wife
Of the encountring king, and the ripe bride,
From off their hoſtile walls, having him ſpide,
Should ſigh (alas!) for feare her princely mate,
Unskilful of the wars, ſhould imitate
This ſame incenſed lion with his blowes,
Whom bloody rage through midſt of ſlaughters throwes.
" It is a ſweet and glorious thing to die
" For our owne countrie: Death dos even flie
" After the flying man, nor dos he ſlack
" From faint-heart youths heeles, and the fearfull back.
" Valour, that baſe repulſes cannot know,
" With unſtain'd honours dos refulgent grow,
" And by the ſuffrage of the peoples breath,
" Nor receives honours, nor ſurrendereth.
" Valour that dos ſet heaven wide ope for thoſe
" That merit not to die, its journey goes
" Through invious weyes, and with a ſoaring wing
" 'Bove vulgar troopes and the dull earth dos ſpring.
There's ſure pay too for faithfull ſecrecy:
I will forbid that he, who ſhould deſcry
Night-ador'd *Ceres* ſacrifice, ſhould be
Under the ſame roofe, and lanch out with me
My ſlender bark: *Iove*, often, being ſlighted,
Hath to the full the wicked man requited.

" Torture

" Torture with limping feet seldome gives ore
" The wicked man that trips away before.

Ode III.

The power of justice and constancy: Juno's prophesie of the stabilitie of the Romane Empire.

THe just man, and unto his purpose standing,
Not rage of citizens bad things commanding,
Nor threatning tyrants frowne, from his firme mind
Can startle him, nor yet the Southern wind,
The tumbling *Adria's* rumbling governer,
Nor mighty hand of thundring *Iupiter*;
Though the world fall on him, in sunder split,
The ruine on't shall him undaunted hit.
Pollux, and the far-wandring *Hercules*
Steering this course, on the bright spheres did ceize,
Among the whom *Augustus* being layd,
Drinks Nectar with his lips all purple made.
Thee, father *Bacchus*, this way meriting,
Thy tygers, on their rude neck carrying
The yoake, did raise thee: *Romulus* did part
From hell on *Mars* his horses by this art:
When *Iuno* pleasingly spake in this sort
To all the Gods assembled then in court:
An evill-omend Umpire, and unjust,
And a strange woman turnes Troy into dust,
Of me, and chaste *Minerva* too abhorr'd,
Both with the nation, and deceitfull lord,
Ere since the time in which *Laomedon*
Deni'd the gods their due agreed upon.
The Spartan strumpets para'mour infamous
Now triumphs not, nor *Priams* perjur'd house
Weakens the fighting Greekes by *Hectors* aids;
And the war by our discords tedious made,

Is ended; from hence-forth my ſpleene ſevere
And hated kinſman whom that Nun did beare
From Troy deſcended, I will now beſtow
On *Mars* againe: him will I grant to goe
Unto the bright ſpheres, *Nectars* juyce to taſte,
And 'mong the gods bleſt orders to be plac't:
So a vaſt ſea 'twixt Troy and Rome may rore,
O may this exile-breed on any ſhore
Reigne glorious: ſo long as any drove
O're *Priamus* and *Paris* grave may rove,
And wilde beaſts fearleſſe there their whelps may hide,
Refulgent may the Capitol abide,
And ſteme Rome give the conquer'd Medes a law;
Dreadfull far off may ſhee her knowledge draw
Even unto the farthеſt continent,
(What way the Ocean interjecent
Europa from the Affrican does bound,
What way the ſwelling Nile the fields doth drownd)
More valiant in deſpiſing unfound gold,
And ſo beſt plac't when earth doth it enteld,
Than in congeſting it for humane uſing,
With a hand every hallowed thing abuſing.
What part o'th' world ſo e're ſtands out unknowne,
That with her armies let her land upon,
Thirſting to ſee what way the fire, and where
The cloud, and watry dewes doe dominere.
But to the warlike Romans I preſent
Theſe fates on this ground; if (too pious bent,
And too much truſting their owne ſtrength) they ne're
Will old Troyes Palaces anew upreare.
Troyes pride renewing with an ill-ſtarr'd fate,
With ſad deſtruction ſhall be ruinate,
While I the wife and ſiſter too of *Iove*
Will my victorious armies onward move.
Thrice ſhould there riſe againe a brazen wall,
And *Phœbus* author on't; thrice ſhould it fall,

Raz'd

Raz'd by my Greekes: the captive wife thrice o're
Her husband and her children ſhould deplore.
Theſe things agree not to my ſporting Lute;
Muſe, whither wilt thou? wanton thing be mute
Th'orations of the deities to relate,
And brave things with baſe layes t'attenuate.

Ode IV.

Hee is guarded by the Muſes, and takes advice from them: power without counſell periſhes.

Deſcend from heaven, O Queen *Calliope*,
And ſound an everlaſting harmonie
Upon thy pipe, or, if you it deſire,
With your ſhrill voice, or harpe, or *Phœbus* lyre.
D'ee heare? or dos a pleaſing lunacie
Enfatuate me? for me thinks that I
Doe heare it, and doe range through the bleſt grove,
'Bout which the pleaſant ſprings and winds doe rove.
On the Apulian Vulturs hilly ground,
Beyond my fabulous nurſe Apulia's bound,
Me, then a boy, with play and ſleepe miſſe-led,
The ring-doves with freſh green leaves covered:
That might ſeeme ſtrange to all thoſe that poſſeſt
The loftie ſeated Acherontia's neſt,
And Bantine paſtures, and the fertile ground
Of low Ferentum; that, my body ſound
From poiſoned Snakes, and Beares, I ſhould ſleepe there,
That I with laurell boughes that ſacred were,
And gather'd myrtles over-ſpread ſhould bee;
(An infant hearten'd by ſome deitie.)
Your votary, yee Muſes, only yours,
I'm drawne up to the craggie Sabine bowers;

Or

Or whether the ſteepe-ſited Tibur hath
Delighted me, or the ſerene-air'd Bath.
Me friend unto your fountains and your traine,
Our armie from Philippi chas'd amaine
O'rethrew not, nor that curſed piece of wood,
Nor Palinure in the Sicilian flood.
When you ſhall be with me, I willingly
The raging ſtraights will as a ſailor try,
And, as a traveller, I will paſſe o're
The parching ſands of the Aſſyrian ſhore:
I'le ſee the Brittaines cruell to their gueſts,
And *Concanus* with horſes bloud that feaſts;
I'le viſit the Geloni quiver-arm'd,
And river of the Scythians unharm'd.
You recreate in your Pierian grove
The Mightie *Cæſar*, lab'ring to remove
His troubles, when he in his garriſons
Has lodged up his war-ſpent legions.
You, heavenly ſoules, gentle advice beſtow,
And glory in't, being ſo given: we know
How he with falling lightning overthrew
The impious Titans, and their ſavage crew;
He who with unmov'd pow'r the unmov'd land,
And floating ſea, and cities doth command,
And ſad-doom'd kingdomes, and the gods beſide,
And mortall multitudes alone doth guide.
Thoſe horrid monſters on their armes relying,
Did ſtrike in *Iove* a mightie terrifying,
And all their brothers alſo menacing
On ſhadie Olympus Pelion to fling.
I, but what could *Typhœus* then have done,
Strong *Mimas*, and ſterne-lookt *Porphyrion*?
What *Rhœcus*, and the Archer impudent,
Enceladus, with trees by th'roots up rent,
Ruſhing 'gainſt *Pallas* ſhining Ægis? here
Stood greedie *Vulcan*, Matron *Iuno* there,

And he who from his shoulders ne're will spare
His archery, who drenches his loose haire
In the pure fountaine of Castalia,
Who dos the champian ground of Lycia sway,
And grove fam'd for his place of birth; *Apollo*,
Whom Delos and whom Patara doth hallow.
" Pow'r void of polic'ie sinks with its owne waight;
" Well-temper'd strength the gods doe propagate
" To greater force: they doe the powers detest,
" That raise up all infection in our brest.
The hundred-handed *Gyas* is well knowne
The witnesse of my truths, and *Orion*,
He who the chast *Diana* injured,
And by the Virgins shaft was punished.
Th'earth cast on her owne monsters, dos lament,
And grieves her children are with thunder sent
To soorie hell, nor can the fires swift fume
Ætna, injected on them, yet consume.
I, and the vulture never dos so beare
The heart of *Tityus* the ravither,
Being set the tort'rer of his lustfulnesse;
Three hundred chains lustfull *Pirithous* presse.

Ode V.

Of Augustus *his victorie over the Britains: the dishonourable condition of* Crassus *souldiers taken captive:* Regulus *speech to the Senate, exhorting them not to redeeme their captives from Carthage.*

WE beleev'd thundring *Iove* reignes in the skie;
Augustus here a gracious deitie
Shall be esteem'd; now that the Britaines be,
And fatall Medes joyn'd to his empirie.

Could

Could *Crassus* souldiers then with barb'rous wives,
(Being dishonour'd husbands) lead their lives?
And (ô our State and manners altered!)
Could then our Marsians, and Apulians bred,
Grow ancient men in the defence of those
Now fathers in law to them, once their foes,
Under a Persian king, forgetting straight
Their divine shields, their glory, and their State,
And also *Vestues* never dying fire,
Iove and our Citie Rome being still intire?
Regulus prudent mind this thing prevented,
Who from their base conditions dissented,
And from a president might ruine fling
Upon the after-ages following;
If that our caprive-souldiers might not be
Without all pitie lost. I saw, said he,
Our ensignes in the Punick temples hung,
And swords, without blowes, from our souldiers wrung;
I also did their citizens armes behold
Behind their now-free-backs together roll'd,
And gates not shut, and fields now tilled o're
Dispoiled by our armies heretofore.
Sure our gold-ransom'd souldiers will agin
Come on more fierce; you adde unto your sin
A detriment; " wooll being dipt in grain,
" Can never after his lost hue regain?
" Nor dos true vertue, when it's once sunk down,
" Care to be lodg'd in men that worse are grown.
If the Stagge, from the thick-laid nets got free,
Will stand to fight, then will he valiant bee
Who to perfidious foes himselfe did yeeld;
Then will he vanquish in a second field
The Carthaginians, who (faint-heart) did weare
Thongs on his fetter'd armes, and death did feare.
He being ignorant from whence to take
His life, in midst of war a league did make:

O ſhame, O mightie Carthage, made more high
By the opprobrious falls of Italy.
'Tis ſaid, as one condemn'd to loſe his life,
He put from him the kiſſe of his chaſte wife,
And children ſmall, and (looking ſternly,) bound
His manly countenance upon the ground;
While he the faltring Senators ſet even,
With counſell, ſuch as like it ne're was given;
And in the midſt of all his friends agaſt,
This noble exile to his journey paſt.
Yet what the barb'rous hangman did deviſe
For him, he knew: yet he no otherwiſe
His remorating kindred did adjourne,
And all the people ſtopping his returne,
Then if, the terme being done, he did withdraw
From all his clients tedious ſuits of Law;
To the Venafran fields taking his way,
Or to Tarentum of Laconia.

Ode VI.

To the Romans,

The baſeneſſe of the preſent age, and the braveneſſe of the former ages.

O Roman, thou, although thou guiltleſſe bee,
For thy fore-fathers ſins ſhalt puniſht bee,
Till thou the gods ſhrines, and their Fanes decay'd
And ſtatues, foul'd with black ſmoke, new haſt made.
" That to the gods your ſelfe you ſubject make,
" Therein you reigne: hence all beginnings take,
" Hither each iſſue bring: the gods, neglected,
" Have many plagues on wofull Spain injected.

Moneſes

Moneſes twice, and *Pacorus* his powers,
Have batter'd theſe ill-fated troopes of ours,
And are grown proud that they have ta'ne away
Them in their little fetters, as a prey.
The Dacian and the Moore have quite eraſed
Our cities with ſedition neere defaced:
The one being in his ſhipping formidable,
The other in ſwift-flying darts more able.
Our times, full-twolne with ſin, firſt overthrew
Our matches, kinreds, and our houſes too:
Deſtruction, from thi fountaine running downe,
Has o're the countrie and the people flowne.
The new-ripe girle delighteth to be taught
Ionick dances, and is nimble-wrought
In all her joynts, and from her tendes yeares
Her unchaſte longings in her mind ſhe beares.
Straight ſhe more wanton paramours purſues
Amidſt her husbands cups; nor dos ſhee chuſe
One to whom ſhee by ſtealth may deale about
Her lawleſſe pleaſures when the lights are out;
But before folkes, being bid, ſhe up doth git,
And not without her husband knowing it;
Whether ſome Clerke, or Spaniſh-ſhip-maſter
(Deare buyer of diſgraces) ſummon her.
Our youngſters, from ſuch parentage deſcended,
The ſea with Carthaginian bloud nere blended;
Nor *Pyrrhus*, nor *Antiochus* the great
And the abhorred *Annibal* did beat:
But a ſtout crue of ruſtick Camerades,
Skill'd to digge up the clods with Sabine ſpades,
And to beare home their timber hewed downe
By their auſtere mothers direction;
At ſuch time as the Sun the ſhades did alter
Upon the kills, and did the yokes unhalter
From the roil'd oxen, making to approach
Nights pleaſing time with his declining coach.

" Wh

" What dos not wastefull time bring to worse passe?
" Our fathers age, worse than our grand-sires was,
" Bred us far wickeder, who, by and by,
" Shall shew a far more vitious progenie.

Ode VII.

To Asterie.

Comforting her in the absence of her husband, and exhorting her to constancie.

WHy dost thou weepe for him, *Asterie*,
Whom the milde west-winds will restore to thee
By the Springs comming in, with Thyne ware blest,
Thy young man *Gyges* of a loyall brest?
To Oricus he by the South-winds borne
After the raging stars of Capricorne,
The freezing nights, not without many teares,
Yet without any sleepe, away he weares.
And yet a much-enticing harlots squire,
Telling how *Chloë* dos in sighs expire,
And how poore wretch she in thy fires doth frie,
The cunning knave a thousand wayes dos trie.
He tells how a perfidious woman train'd
Credulous *Pratus* with suggestions fain'd,
Against the over-chaste *Bellerophon*,
To haste his death: then he proceedeth on,
How *Peleus* was nie sent to death, while he
Magnesian *Hippolyte* did flee,
Being abstinent: and this slie knave brings in
Histories educating men to sin.
But all in vaine: for he, as yet sincere,
More de afe than *Icarus* rocks his words dos heare;

Yet

Yet take thou heed, leſt, more than fit may bee,
Lycipeus thy neare neighbour worke on thee.
Though not a man, equally skill'd to ride
Upon a horſe, in *Mars* his field is ſpi'd,
Nor any man, equally ſwift like him,
Thorow the Tuſcan channell downe dos ſwim.
At the nights entrance ſhut thy doores, nor gaze,
At his pipes ſad ſound, into the high wayes;
And unto him calling thee oft unkind,
Continue thou of an unſhaken mind.

Ode VIII.

To Mæcenas.

Exhorting him to mirth on the Calends of March.

THou being skill'd in both tongues dialect,
Admir'ſt what I a batchelor proiect
On Marches Calends; what my flowers require,
And pot with incenſe fill'd, and coale of fire
Laid on the freſh green turfe; pomiſe I did
Sweet cates to *Bacchus*, and a milk-white kid;
Being neare kill'd with a trees fall: This day
Sacred each New-yeares tide, ſhall take away
The pitch-clos'd ſtoppell from the kilderkin
Ordain'd to keepe the headie liquor in,
When *Tullus* Conſul was. *Mæcenas* taſte
A hundred healths of thy ſav'd friend, and waſte
Thy watching tapers till the break of day;
All quarelling and rage be far away.
Thy ſtrict cares for the citie let alone:
Slain are the troopes of Dacian *Cotiſon*;
The Median, to himſelfe a deadly foe,
With woefull wars dos all to peeces goe.

Our

Our ancient foe upon the shore of Spain,
The Biscaynere tam'd in our late-forg'd chain,
Is slave to us; the Scythians doe dispose
To fly out of the field with unbent bowes.
Then, in a remisse way, desist to heed,
O're much, of what the people stands in need,
(Being retir'd) and of the present howre
Receive the pleasures, and cast off the sowre.

Ode IX.

To Lydia.

A dialogue for reconcilement.

HOR.

As long as I was pleasing unto thee,
And not a man, better esteem'd than mee,
His armes about thy ivory neck did fling,
I flourisht braver than the Persian King.

LYD.

While with another thou wast not more fir'd,
Nor *Lydia* after *Chloë* was desir'd;
I *Lydia* of great fame did beare a sway,
Far brighter than the Roman *Ilia*.

HOR.

The Thracian *Chloë* dos command me now,
Skill'd in sweet songs, and well her Lute dos know,
For whom to suffer death I will not feare,
So fates will her surviving soule forbeare.

LYD.

LYD.

alais, Thurine Ornithus his ſon,
nflames me with a like affection;
For whom I will endure ev'n twice to die,
f fates will my ſurviving boy paſſe by.

HOR.

What if our ancient love returne againe,
And binds us ſtraglers in a brazen chaine;
f beauteous *Chloë* be caſhier'd away,
And doore ſtands ope for caſt-of *Lydia?*

LYD.

Although that he be brighter than a ſtar,
Thou lighter than a corke, and fiercer far
Than the rude Adriatick ſea; yet I
Would love to live with thee, would freely die.

ODE X.

To LYCE.

Exhorting her not to be proud, but pitifull to him.

LYCE, didſt thou at utmoſt Tanais live,
Wed to a ſavage man, yet would you grieve
To caſt me to your neighb'ring northerne wind,
Being before your frozen doores reclin'd.
Heare you with what a creaking noiſe the doore,
And how the grove againſt the wind do's roare,
Being planted 'mong the pleaſant roomes; and how
Love with pure aire dos glaze the cloſe laid ſnow?
Thy ſcorne ingrate to *Venus*, lay aſide;
Leſt the rope, when the wheele ſlips, backward ſlide.

A Tyrrhene father never begot thee
Harsh to thy wooers as *Penelope.*
O, though nor gifts, nor prayers move thee yet,
Nor lovers palenesse stain'd with violet,
Nor husband doting on some singing maid,
Yet spare them which to thee are prostrate laid,
Thou harsher than the toughest oaken tree,
And bloudier-soul'd than Affrick Serpents bee;
This body' of mine for ever can't sustaine
The pavement, and the heaven-distilling raine.

Ode XI.

To Mercurie.

Entreating him to mollifie Lyde *with his sweet musick; as he hath done many others: Of the punishment of the Danaides, and the praise of* Hypermnestra.

Mercurie (for thou being his schoole-master,
Learned *Amphion* did the stones upreare,
With making melodie,) and thou O Lute,
Skill'd with seven strings to sound (in old times mute,
And nowhit pleasing; at each rich-mans board
And temples too, now us'd,) such strains afford,
Unto which *Lyde* her deafe eares may raise;
Who, as it were, in frisking manner playes
Like a mare three yeares old in the wide field,
And being in the marriage bed unskill'd,
And for a full-veind bed-fellow unfit,
Is fearefull even to be touch'd as yet.
Thou Tygers, and their woods canst lead away
Along with them, and make swift rivers stay:

Cerberus

Cerberus porter of the dreadfull hall,
Unto thee making musick low did fall,
Though hundred snakes did guard his furious head,
And loathsome breath and poison issued
Out of his three tongu'd chaps. *Ixion* too,
And *Tityus* with forc'd lookes did smile on you;
The urne awhile stood drie, while thou didst ease
With pleasing musick the *Danaides*.
Those maids fact, and known torture, and their sin,
Emptie of water out at bottome run,
Let *Lyde* heare, and the slow-creeping fate
That ev'n in hell on wickednesse doth wait.
Accursed things: what could they doe more? they,
Accurst, with sharpe swords could their husbands slay.
'Mongst many, one worthy a nuptiall fire,
To her false father nobly play'd the lyar,
And to all ages lives a glorious maid;
Who, Rise, rise, to her youthfull husband said,
Lest a long sleep, thou fear'st not, fall on thee,
Thy father in law, and my curs'd sisters flee.
Who (out alas) have all their husbands slaine,
Like Lionesses having heifers tane;
I, gentler farre than they, will neither kill,
Nor in this castle will detaine thee still.
Me with strong fetters let my father guard,
'Cause I kind heart my wofull husband spar'd;
Or let him in a ship send me away
To th'utmost confines of Numidia;
Fly what way feet and winds can carry thee,
While night and *Venus* too propitious be;
Goe with good luck, and on my monument
An elegie, mentioning me, indent.

Ode XII.

To Neobule.

Of her violent love of Hebrus.

Not to give love his sportive exercise,
Nor drench in pleasing wine our miseries;
Or to be out of heart, fearing the blowes
Of Kindreds tongues, addes to poore virgins woes.
Venus wing'd son thy spindle from thee catches,
And Liparæan *Hebrus* beautie snatches
(O *Neobule*) thy tent-workes from thee,
And curious *Minerva*'s industrie:
A better horse-man than *Bellerophon*,
Neither in fight, or for slow pace o're gone,
As soone as he in Tibers streames hath swill'd
His oyly shoulders; being also skill'd,
When all the herd is routed up, to wound
The Roe-bucks tripping o're the champian ground;
And swift of foot the wilde Boare to invade
Among the thick-grown bushes closely laid.

Ode XIII.

The praise of the fountaine of Blandusia.

O Fountaine of Blandusia, that dost shine
Clearer than glasse, deserving pleasant wine,
Nor without store of flow'rs, thou with a kid
To morrow morning shalt be honoured;
Whose fore-head, with his first hornes fretted out,
For lust and war (in vain tho) hunts about.

For this same young ling of the wanton traine,
Thy cooling streames with his red bloud shall staine.
Thee the hot dog-star dire tiane cannot taint:
Thou gentle cooling yeildst to oxen faint
With plowing, and to stray beasts: verily
Thou shalt be made a sacred spring, while I
The oakes set round thy hollow rocks will sing,
Out of the which thy murmuring waters spring.

ODE XIV.

His joy for Cæsars victory.

YEE people, *Cæsar* who was lately thought
To goe for conquest, would with death be bought,
In *Hercules* his way; from coast of Spain
Is to our gods come conquer our again.
Each matron, with one husband being content,
Let now proceed the just gods to frequent;
And sister of our famous Generall,
And, with their braided fillets decked, all
The mothers of our virgins, and young men
Lately returned safe to us agen.
You youths, and maids that late have husbands tri'd,
Forbeare all languages unrectifi'd.
This day, being truly festivall, shall teare
My black cares from mee: I will neither feare
Commotions, or to die by violent hand,
So long as *Cæsar* governeth the land.
Goe boy, fetch oyle and garlands, and that barrell
Which beares the true date of the Marsian quarrell,
If so be any vessell could be hid
From *Spartacus* having the land o're-rid.
And bid sweet-voic'd *Neera* to make haste
To bind her sweet haires in a knot up fast:

If by the surly porter any stay
Be made at all, come presently away.
" Haire turning to be white dos calme the mind
" To quarrellings and paltrie brawles inclin'd:
For I would ne're have suffred this, alas,
In heat of youth, when *Plancus* Consul was.

Ode XV.

To Chloris.

To forsake lechery, being old.

Wife of poore *Ibycus*, now at length fix
A period to thy lust, and whorish tricks.
Forbeare, being nigh thy now-ripe funerall day,
To sport 'mong virgins, and a cloud display
Or'e such bright stars: that will not become thee,
O *Chloris*, that may well fit *Pholoe*.
Thy daughter better young mens doores may threat,
Mad as the *Thyades* when the drums beat.
Nothus love makes her like a fond kid play;
Thee, the wooll shorne nes're fam'd *Luceria*,
Yot musick fits, nor zoses damask die,
Being old, nor hogsheads to the lees drawn drie.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

Of the power and trouble of riches: the benefit of contentation.

A Brazen towre, and strong gates, and sterne guard
Of watchfull curres, sufficiently had barr'd

Danae

Danae in it from night-lechers lockt;
If *Iupiter* and *Venus* had not mockt
The keeper of the virgin so inclos'd,
(Fearfull *Acrisius*) for they suppos'd,
The entrance in would sate and open bee,
When that a god was turn'd into a fee.
" Gold uses through full guards to goe, more fierce
" Than thunder-bolts, and through stone walls to pierce.
The Argive augurs palace downe is shrunk,
Being for gaine into perdition sunk.
The Macedonian victor clave in two
The gates of cities; and he overthrew
His rivall Kings with presents: " presents snare
" Those who stout Generals of navies are.
" Care waites on growing wealth, and thirst of more.
I very worthily did feare therefore
(*Maecenas*, glory of our Chevalrie)
To raise my head up, to be scene on high.
" The more each man bars himselfe of, he shall
" Of the gods get the more: I, stript of all,
Unto their cells that nothing covet hye,
And shifting seek from rich mens gates to flye;
Being of a meane estate a braver Lord,
Than if I in my barnes were fam'd to hoard
What ere the toil'd Appulian dos plow o're,
Being amids my mighty riches poore.
A spring of water pure, and a grove too
Of some few Rods, and my fields service true,
More blessed in possessing, is unknowne
To him that shines in fertile Affricks throne.
Though nor Calabrian Bees mee honey bring,
Nor wine for me dos lye a languishing
In Formian pots, nor my fat-fleeced flock
In Gallick pastures dos increase my stock;
Yet urgent povertie from me dos live,
Nor, crav'd I more, would you deny to give.

My desire being pent in, I better may
Enlarge my small meanes, than if I should lay
Cræsus his wealth to the Mygdonian store:
"Much wants to them that many things implore.
"'Tis well for that man to whom God has sent,
"With sparing hand, what is sufficient.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIAS.

His nobilitie; an exhortation to be merry.

O *Ælius* from ancient *Lamus* fam'd,
(Whence the first *Lamiæ*, they say, were nam'd,
And every house of your posteritie,
Through all records yet kept in memorie)
Thou from that head draw'st thy originall,
Who, being a King of large bounds, first of all
Is said the walls of Formiæ to command,
And Lyris flowing on Marica's sand.
A tempest sent to morrow from the West
With many boughs shall all the grove invest,
And all the shoare with useless flags, unlesse
The weather-wise old Raven mocke his guesse.
While you may, your dry wood together put;
Your corps to morrow you with wine must glut,
And with a porkling just of two months old,
With all thy men from labour bid to hold.

Ode XVIII.

A prayer and sacrifice to Faunus.

LOver of flying Nymphs, passe gently through
My bounds, O *Faunus*, and my faire fields toe,
And part thence kind to our small nurseries;
Since each yeares end, a young kid to thee dies,
And store of wine's not wanting to the cup,
Venus compeere; th'old altar fumeth up
With many odours: on the grassie plaine
All the beasts sport, when unto thee againe
Decembers Nones returne: the solemne towne
In the fields with their idle droves sit downe.
Among the then bold lambes the wolfe dos goe,
The wood her country boughs to thee dos strow,
The country man dos with his feet delight
Three times upon the scorned ground to smite.

Ode XIX.

To Telephus.

Not to studie too much, but to be merry sometimes.

HOw long time *Codrus* liv'd from *Inachus*,
To die for's country no way timorous,
And *Æacus* his stock you doe us tell,
And battels that at sacred Troy befell.
You tell us not at what price we may get
A Tun of Chian wine, nor who may heat
Our baths with fire; who'll make a feast for mee;
What houre I may from Peligne colds be free.

Boy, quickly fill for the new Moone; fill up
For midnight; for *Muræna* fill a cup,
Late Augur made: with glasses three or nine,
Easie to take, let pots be fill'd with wine.
The Poet that loves the Muses odde, will crave
Thrice three cups, being in a vein to rave.
The naked sister-Graces yoked fast,
Fearing wars, charge no more than three to taste.
Why is the Berecynthian pipes tongue mute?
Why hangs the Fife up with the silent Lute?
I hate these sparing hands: strow roses there,
Let envious *Lycus* our loud roaring heare,
And his young mate no way commodious
For *Lycus* being old: O *Telephus*
Thee comely-looking with thy thick grown haire,
Thee representing much the evening faire,
Chloë now ripe for marriage doth require,
But me my *Glyceraes* slow love doth fire.

Ode XX.

To Pyrrhus.

His danger in drawing Nearchus *from his love.*

SEE you not with what danger you doe presse
The whelpes of the Getulian Lionesse?
O *Pyrrhus*, thou a fearfull theefe shalt flee
The dangerous combat, afore long time bee.
When she shall run through arm'd troopes of young men,
Fetching the faire *Nearchus* back agen;
A grand contention, sooth, whether the prize
Unto thy selfe or her would greater rise.
In the mean time while you doe ready get
Your flying shafts, and shee her dire teeth whet,

He

He that might arbitrate the war is said
The conquest under his bare feet t'have laid,
And recreate with a mild-fanning aire
His shoulders cover'd with his powder'd haire:
As beautifull as *Nireus*, or the Boy
Was stolne away from river-stored Troy.

Ode XXI.

The praises of wine.

O Sacred tun that wast bred up with mee,
When *Manlius* Consul was, whether in thee
Thou bear'st griefes, or jests, or quarrelling,
Or raging loves, or gentle slumbering;
By what so e're name mark'd thou clasp'st about
Thy Massick wine, worthy to be brought out
On a good day; when *Corvine* shall enjoyne,
Descend and yeeld us forth your gentler wine.
Though in Socratick precepts drencht he bee,
Yet will he not severely scorne at thee.
Even ancient *Cato's* gravitie is fam'd,
Many a time with wine to have been flam'd,
Thou dost an easie to turing procure
To dispositions usually obdure,
With merry wine; the studies of the wise
Thou dost disclose, and profound secrecies.
In desp'rate minds thou dost a hope renew,
And giv'st the poore man strength and courage too,
That, after thee once tasted, neither feares
Kings angrie lookes, nor yet the souldiers speares.
Bacchus, and *Venus*, if thee'l merry bee,
And Graces loath to break their unitie,
And burning lights so long with thee shall stay,
Till *Phebus* rising chase the stirs away.

Ode XXII.

To Diana.

Hee consecrates a Pine-tree to her.

VIrgin, of hills and foreſts paſt oneſſe,
Who being thrice invoked, doſt addreſſe
Thy ſelfe unto young women travelling
In child-birth, and from deaths-doore doſt them bring;
O thou three-formed goddeſſe, let the pine
Adjoyning to my manſion, be thine,
Which every yeares end gladly I will ſtrow
With a Boares bloud that ſide-way aimes his blow.

Ode XXIII.

To Phydile.

Meane ſacrifices from pure hands, are moſt acceptable to the gods.

IF, rurall *Phydile*, thou raiſe on high
At the new-moone thy rear'd hands to the skie;
If thou with incenſe doſt thy *Lares* bow,
And with this yeares fruit, and a greedy ſow;
Then neither ſhall thy fruitfull vineyard beare
The noxious ſouth-wind; nor thy corne ith' eare
The barren blaſting, nor thy younglings ſweet
The dangerous ſeaſon of the Autumne meet.
For the devoted ſacrifice that's fed
'Mong oakes and elmes on hills with ſnow o're ſpred,

Or

Or in the Alban fields dos fatted lye,
The high-prieſts axes with his neck ſhall dye.
Nothing at all doth it belong to thee,
Crowning thy little gods with Roſemary,
And with fraile myrtle-boughs, a ſtirre to keepe
With a great ſlaughtering of thy young ſheepe.
" If a pure hand upon the altar lyes,
" You cannot with a ſumptuous ſacrifice
" The diſpleas'd houſhold gods more pleaſed make,
" Than with your hallow'd corne, and ſalted cake.

Ode. XXIV.

Againſt immoderate riches.

THough richer than th'Arabians wealth unknowne
Or of rich India, you with your hewen ſtone
The Tyrrhene and the Pontick ocean ſtock;
If dire fare on the loftieſt crownes dos knock
His Adamantine nailes, thy minde from feare,
Thy head from ſnares of death thou canſt no[t] cleare.
The wandring Scythians (whoſe carriages
Doe beare their travelling tents, as their uſe is)
And the ſterne Getæ doe far better live,
Whoſe unmark'd lands free herbes and corne o[f] give,
Nor tillage more than for a yeares food pleaſes,
And a ſupply with equall labour eaſes
Him that left work laſt: harmleſſe ſtepdams there
Their mother-wanting ſons in law forbeare:
Nor dos the rich-dower'd wife her husband ſway,
Nor for a comely trimm'd adulterer ſtay.
" The parents vertues, and their owne chaſte bearing
" In a firme league, a ſecond ſuitor fearing,
" Is their great dowre; and 'tis a thing abhorr'd
" To play foule play, or death is the reward.

O,

O, whosoever would remove from hence
Our impious broiles, and home-bred insolence,
If he doe covet registred to bee
In monuments a *Pater Patriæ*,
Then let him dare his wilde desires to tame,
Famous to after-ages; since (O shame)
" We living vertue enviously despise,
" Admire it being once taken from our eyes.
What profit dos our mournfull lamentation,
If sin be not suppresst by castigation?
What benefit can cobweb statutes doe,
Not having our obedience thereunto?
If nor this part o'th' world girt with hot fire,
Nor continent unto the northward nigher,
Nor the snow frozen on the ground deters
The merchant man? if skilfull mariners
Subdue the raging billowes? Povertie,
A great disgrace, commands us both to trie
And suffer any thing, and from the way
Of hard-to-be-found vertue makes us stray.
Or let us send unto the Capitoll,
Whether the clients noise and train dos call;
Or let us send into the neighb'ring floud
Our gemmes, and stones, and gold for no use good,
The fomenters of our chiefe miserie,
(If for our sin we truly sory bee.)
The rudiments of our unlawfull lust
Must be pull'd out, and minds too tender must
Be fram'd to tougher acts: the noble youth
Cannot tell how to back a horse forsooth,
Being raw, and feares to hunt: more skill'd to sport
With the Greek top, if you give precept for't,
Or, if you please, at dice by law forbid,
At which his fathers faith being perjured,
His fellow gamester and his guest doth cheat,
And for his worthlesse heire doth money get:

Thus ill-got goods increase, yet evermore,
I know not what wants to his curtail'd store.

Ode XXV.

To Bacchus.

That being inspir'd by him hee will sing the praises of Cæsar.

WHither, O *Bacchus*, dost thou hurry me,
Being inspired with thy deitie?
To what groves, or what caves am I confin'd,
Being astonisht in my new wrought mind?
Out of what cels shall I be heard, forecastin
Egregious *Cæsars* glory everlasting
Among the stars, and court of Jove to set?
I'le sing a new rare song, never sung yet,
By any other voice: no otherwise
The Bacchick priest from sleepe amazed lyes,
When from the mountaines she doth Hebrus see,
And Thrace all white with Snow, and Rhodope
Climb'd ore by barbarous feete. How I desire,
The rocks, as I am wandring, to admire,
And silent groves! O King of Naiades,
And of the Bacchæ that the tallash trees
Can pull put with their hands; No triviall thing,
Or in a low grown measure will I sing;
Nothing obnoxious to mortalitie:
A dangerous thing it is, yet sweet to me,
To follow thee god Bacchus, that dost twine
My temples with the green leaves of the vine.

Ode

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

A farewell to love-tricks: hee prayes her to make Chloë *love him.*

PLeasing to maids I liv'd in former dayes,
And fought my battels too, not without praise:
Now shall the wall that is on the left hand
Of sea-bred *Venus*, all my armes command,
And lute weary of wars; here, here dispose
Your light, artillery, and barres, and bowes,
Which against barred doores did use to threat;
Queene goddesse that rich Cyprus mak'st thy seat,
And Memphis nere vext with Sithonian snow,
Once strike proud *Chloë* with a heavy blow.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATÆA.

Deborting her from going to sea by the example of Europa.

LEt the ill omen of the hooting owle,
And whelping bitch, and brown wolfe that doth prowle
Ore the Lanuvian fields, and fox with young
Keepe company the wicked crue among:
And let a snake their resolv'd journey stay,
When like an arrow it doth horses fray

From

From the hedge ſide. I, wherefore ſhould I feare,
Being a provident Aſtronomer?
Before the bird preſaging imminent rain,
Shall to the ſtanding poules return again,
I will invoke from riſing of the ſun
The ſmooth voic'd crow to my petition.
O *Galatæa*, happy maiſt thou bee,
Where thou beſt lik'ſt, and mindfull ſtill of mee;
And let not the ill-boding pye, nor crow,
Wandring about, prohibit thee to goe.
But doe you ſee with what a bluſtring blaſt
Declining Orion doth ſtand againſt?
I know what *Adria's* cloudy bay portends,
And wherein the cleare weſterne wind offends.
Let the wives and the children of our foes,
Feele the eaſt-riſing Goats inſenſat blowes,
And the tempeſtuous oceans bellowing,
And ſea-ſhores ſhaken with their battering.
Europa ſo her ivory body threw
On a deluſive bull, and pale ſhe grew
At th' ocean with monſters cover'd ore,
And frauds ith' mids diſcride, though bold before;
Late in the meades for flow'rs being wholly ſet,
And the contriver of a coronet
Vow'd to the nymphes, in an obſcure night ſhee
Nothing beſides the ſtars and waves did ſee.
Who ſo ſoone as to potent Creet ſhe came,
With hundred townes; O father, O that name
Diſclaim'd by me thy child, O pietie,
Being orecome with fury ſhe did crie.
Whence, whither am I come? one death's too poore
For virgins faults: doe I awake deplore
My fouleoffence? or doth vaine phantaſy,
(Which through an ivorie portall paſſing by
Doth uſher in each dream) thus mock at mee,
Being as yet from all offences free?

Was

Was it to travell through the vast seas rather
Fitter for me, or the fresh flowers to gather?
If any one would now unto me show
This odious bull, I being incensed so,
I'de with a sword in pieces strive to pull,
And break the hornes of that so late lov'd bull.
Impudent I my fathers court forsook,
Impudent I for hell doe waiting look;
O, whatsoever god these plaints dos heare,
Would I 'mong Ions wandring naked were
Afore that ugly meagernesse shall stain
My comely cheekes, or that my moisture drain
From me that will for a soft prey be put,
Faire as I am, I tygers wish to glut.
Wicked *Europa*, why dost cease to dye?
Thy absent father thus dos on thee crye:
Thou with thy girdle haply com'n with thee,
May'st break thy hanging neck from this ash tree:
Or if the rocks, or stones for death sharp'd fit,
Doe please thee more: goe, goe, thy selfe commit
To a swift storme, unlesse you more mind have
To card your mistris wool, and as a slave
To be confined to some barb'rous dame,
Thou being of royall blood: To her then came
False-sailing *Venus* (while she did lament)
And her son also, with his bow unbent:
Anon, when she sufficiently had plai'd,
Forbeare thy wrath and thy hot rage, she said;
Since that this heifer being by thee hated,
Shall yeeld his horns to be dilacerated,
To be the wife of unquell'd *Iupiter*,
Knowst thou not how? these sobbings then forbeare:
Thy selfe to bear thy great fate bravely frame;
The world divided shall retain thy name.

Ode XXVIII.

To Lyde.

That she should celebrate Neptunes *feast with him.*

Draw lustie *Lyde*, thy hid Cæcube wine,
And 'gainst abstemious wisdome force combine;
What else on *Neptunes* holy-day shall I doe?
You see the noontide hastens on, yet you,
As if the swift day stay'd, spare to draw drie
Your barrell from your cellar, ha'ving lien by
Since *Bibulus* consull was: with altern share
We *Neptune* will extoll, and the green haire
Of the sea-nymphs: thou to thy crooked lute
Latona, and swift *Cynthias* darts shalt suite.
In our songs burden we will her expresse
That Cnidus rules, and the bright Cyclades,
And Paphos with her yoaked swans doth view;
The night with fit layes shall be praised too.

Ode XXIX.

To Mæcenas.

He invites him to a meane feast, which hee hopes will give him content. That mortals should not trouble themselves with the times to come. His contempt of fortunes power.

Mæcenas sprung from Tyrrhene kings, for thee
There hath beene gentle wine long time with mee
In a tun nere before now turn'd about,
With rose-buds, oile too for thy hair's presse'd out.

With-

Withdraw thy selfe from all occasion,
Nor doe thou still moist Tibur gaze upon,
And fields of Æsula declivious,
And hils of parricide *Tellegonus*.
Thy loathsome plentie at the length forbeare,
And palace to the waving clouds so neare:
Doe thou forbeare to wonder at the fume,
And wealth, and tumult of enriched *Rome*.
" Enterchange oft-times pleases rich men well;
" And poore mens homely fare in a low cell,
" Have made the clouded forhead smooth to lye,
" Without your Arrases, and purple dye.
Now dos *Andromeda's* transluscent fire
Display unto us his long hidden fire;
Now *Procyon* raves, and the mad lions star,
While the sun brings the parching dayes from far.
The weary shepheard with his fainting drove,
Now seekes the shades, the river, and the grove
Of *Sylvane* rude; and from the wandring winde
The silent bank is free: Thou yet dost minde
What state may fit the citie, and dost feare
(Being carefull for thy countrie) what the Sere
And Bactrians which by *Cyrus* govern'd are,
And mutinizing Tanais doe prepare.
" Provident God in a black cloud doth hide
" Th'event of future things, and doth deride
" If mortall man farther than's fitting goes;
" Mind thou what's present calmly to compose:
Other things like the river on are driven,
Now ith' mid chanell gently gliding even,
To the Etrurian ocean, and anon
The eaten rocks, and rent trees driving on,
And beasts, and tents, with roaring of the hils,
And neighb'ring woods, when the fierce deluge fils
The quiet streames: " O're himselfe bearing sway,
" And merry shall he live, that thus can say,

" I

" I to this day have liv'd; let Jove o're-run
" Or with a black cloud, or a bright-raid ſun
" All heaven to morrow, yet what once is paſt
" He never ſhall make void, nor ere uncaſt,
" Or make that thing of no validitie,
" Which once the poaſting howre hath carried by.
Fortune unto her cruell work intent,
And to ſhew her vain-glorious ſportings bent,
Her flitting honours up and down doth wind,
Now to my ſelfe, now to another kind:
I praiſe her being conſtant; if ſhe ſhake
Her ſwift wings, what ſhe gave me, I forſake;
And me in my integritie doe ſave,
And honeſt povertie without dowry crave.
'Tis nought to me, when the main-maſt doth crack
With northern winds, to my poore pray'rs to pack,
And covenant with promiſes, for feare
The Cyprian and Tyrian ſhips ſhould beare
My wealth unto the avaritious flood:
Then with helpe of a two-oard trough of wood,
The wind and Pollux twins ſhall beare me hence,
Safe thorow the Ægæan inſolence.

Ode XXX.

That he is immortalized by his poems, better than by ſtatues and Pyramides.

A Monument more durable than braſſe,
And higher than the princely ſtructure was
Of the Pyramides, I have ſet forth;
Which neither eating ſtorme, nor raging north,
Or the unnumbred rank of many a yeare
And revolutions of times can weare.

I ſhall

I shall not die all, and some part of me
Shall from the funerall Goddesse power be free;
I fresh with after praise as long shall grow,
As with the silent Nunne the Priest shall goe
Unto the Capitoll: I shall be renownd
What way the violent Aufidus doth sound,
And what way Daunus, being of water scant,
Is ore the countrie rout predominant;
That I from feeble rising being strong,
Did first of all bring downe the Grecian song
To the Italian measures: then inherite
A statelinesse acquired by thy merit:
And thou, *Melpomene*, my temples tye
About with Delphick lawrell willingly.

The end of the third Booke of the Odes of Horace.

THE FOVRTH BOOK of the *Odes* of HORACE.

ODE I.

A complaint that Venus *hath made him a lover againe: he dotes upon* Ligurinus, *and desires* Venus *to forsake him, and goe to the house of* Paulus Maximus.

O *Venus* intermitted many a day;
Dost thou againe wage wars? spare, spare, I pray.
I am not now as I before did stand
Under my lovely *Cynaraes* Command.
Spare, cruell mother of all-pleasing love,
A man 'bout fifty yeares of age to move,
Now hardned to thy soft commandments: loe,
Where young mens pleasing prayers doe thee woe.
In *Paulus Maximus* his palace you,
Being wing'd with Cygnets of a purple hue,
More opportunely may together feast,
If you delight to fire a fitting breast.
For he, being both noble and compleat,
And for poore souls condemn'd, nere silent yet,
And a youth of a hundred tricks beside,
Shall spread the ensignes of thy war full wide.

And

And when he shall triumph, being of more power
Than the lare gifts of his competitour,
Neare to the Albane springs hee'll setup thee
All marble, underneath a Citron tree.
There with thy nose thou shalt draw much sweet smell,
And there thou shalt be pleased very well
With intermixed musick of the lure,
And Berecynthian pipe, and with the flute.
There youths with tender virgins twice a day,
While that they doe thy deitie display,
According as is now the Salians guise,
With their cleane feet thrice on the ground shall rise.
Me neither woman now, nor boy doth move,
Nor a too credulous hope of mutuall love;
Nor doth it please me to contend with wine,
Nor with fresh flowers my temples round to twine.
But why, O *Ligurinus*, why alas
Doe my rare seene teares ore my chekes thus passe?
Wherefore in silence, no way fit at all,
Amids my words dos my smooth tongue thus fall?
Now close-cling'd in my nightly dreames I wooe thee,
Now through the grasse of *Mars* his field pursue thee
So swift of foote, and cruell-hearted thee
Among the streames that ever moving bee.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

The praise of Pindarus, *with the extenuation of himself and therefore desires* Iulus *himselfe to sing of* Cæsar *victories.*

WHoeuer strives to equall *Pindarus*,
(*Iulus*) by the art of *Dædalus*,
With pinions waxed unto him, doth frame
To give the glassie ocean a by-name.

Like to a Current running downe a hill,
Which stormes above his noted banks did fill,
So rages *Pindarus*, and rowles along,
Unfathomed in his profoundest tongue;
Fit to be crowned with Apollos bayes,
Whether he tumbles forth his new made layes
In daring dithyrambs, and carried bee
In numbers from authoritie set free.
Whether that he of Gods or kings doth tell,
(The seed of Gods) by whom the Centaures fell
With a deserv'd destruction, and the fire
Of terrible Chimæra did expire:
Or whom th'Elean victorie home brings,
Being deifi'de, or of the champion sings,
Or of his horse, and with a gift more worth
Than hundred ensignes, highly sets him forth;
Or wailes some young man from his sad wife tane,
And then his courage and his heart againe,
And golden constitutions to the skies
Raises aloft, and sootie hell envies.
Much aire doth the Dircæan swan up-raise,
When, *Antonie*, it to the cloudes high waies
Doth soare aloft; I in the qualitie,
And the condition of a Matine bee,
Gathering pleasant honey with much toile,
About the wood and watrie Tyburs soile,
Doe warble out, being of slender veine.
My melodies of a laborious straine.
Thou poet, on an in instrument more shrill
Shalt *Cæsar* praise, when ore the sacred hill,
With his deserved lawrell honoured,
He shall the sterne *Sicambri* forward lead:
Than whom the fates and the good deities
Have given the earth no more, nor greater prize;
Nor ever shall give, though our times unfold
Themselves againe into the ancient gold.

The

The joviall festivals, and publick sport
Of the whole citie too thou shalt report,
And every court from causes cleared out
For the obtain'd return of *Cæsar* stout.
Then (if I ought worth hearing shall begin)
A good part of my voyce too shall come in,
And, O bright Sun, O worthy praise, Ile straine,
Happie that *Cæsar* is come home againe.
And all our citie while he marcheth by
Not once alone will *Iõ* triumph cry,
O *Iõ* triumph, and will sacrifice
Incense unto the gracious deities.
Ten oxen, and as many heifers, thee,
A tender calfe me of my vow shall free,
Whose dam was late forsocke, which for my vowes
In spacious meadowes, yet more sportive growes;
The horned fires, upon his forehead shewing
Of *Luna* her third change agen renewing,
Where he has got a marke, white to be spide,
Being yellow in all other parts beside.

Ode II

To Melpomene.

Whosoever she lookes upon with milde aspect at his nativitie he becomes a rare Poet. And that he hath gotten credit by poetrie.

Whom thou *Melpomene* but once shalt spie
Being neare his birth, with a delighted eye;
Him neither Isthmian labour up shall lift
To be a champion; nor the horses swift

In an Achaick charet bring from farre,
Being a victor, nor affaires of warre
Bring to the Capitoll a captaine dreft
With Delian bayes, because he hath suppreft
Kings swelling threatnings: but the streame that moves
In fertile Tybur, and thick leaves of groves,
Shall make him famous in Æolian ditties:
Even so the youth of Rome the queen of cities,
Daignes me 'mong poets pleasing hoopes to sing,
And now with envious teeth I lesse am bit.
O thou my muse, that of the golden lyre
Dost ever temper the harmonious quire!
O thou that on mute fishes canst bestow
The singing of the swan, if 't please thee so!
It onely is thy bounteousnesse, that I
Am markt with fingers of the passers by,
The Roman lutes musician; that I breath,
And please (if yet I please) thou dost bequeath.

ODE. IIII.

The conquests of Drusus Nero. *Some valiant acts of* Claudius Nero, *with the fortitude and successe of the Romans, in the battels against* Annibal *and* Asdrubal.

Like to the bird the thunders harbinger,
(Upon whom *Jove*, the gods king did confer
The raigne ore wandring fowles, experienced
That he was true, 'bout beauteous *Ganymed*)
Whose youth long since, and his sires courage prest,
Unskilfull then of labour, from his nest;
And the spring winds (tempests being now blowne o're)
Taught him (yet trembling) flights unus'd before,
His lively valiantnesse did by and by
'Gainst folds of sheepe send him an enemy;

Then love of food and fighting did annoy
Against resisting dragons what him on.
Or like unto the lion being bent
From the milk of his yellow hair'd dams teat,
The kid intent on the sweet fields did see,
That straightway corn with his young teeth must bee:
The *Rhoeti* and the *Vindelici* saw afar
Drusus about the Alpes in training war,
Whose custome hee derived from all ages;
Their hands with Amazonian axes gages,
I have deferred to enquire of yer,
(Nor is it, to know all things, a thing fit.)
But their hands long victorious, and full wide,
By our young captains counsel tam'd, have trade
What wisdom, what an ingenuity,
Well foster'd in a happie family,
And what *Augustus* fatherly care doth
Upon the *Neroes*, being youths, could doe;
" Strong things are bred of strong, and the fires forces,
" Are in the lovely heifers, are in horses;
" Nor doe strong eagles the weake dove beget,
" But learning dos the inbred goodnesse whet,
" And right instructions make the soule more strong;
" When manners faile, fins doe good natures wrong.
What thou, O Rome, dost to the *Neroes* owe,
Metaurus flood and *Asdruball* cast low,
Are witnesse of, and that refulgent day
To Italie, when clouds were chas'd away,
Which first in glorious victorie did pride,
When as the fatall African did ride
Our Roman cities ore, as fire through wood,
Ore the West wind through the Sicilian flood.
After this time, with prosperous successe
The Roman youth did ever more increase,
Our temples had their gods anew erected,
Late by the *Poeni's* impious hands dejected.

Then

hen faithlesse *Annibal* at length did say,
We Deeres to rav'ning wolves being made a prey,
u: sue them of our selves, from whom to flee,
nd scape from, is a glo ious victorie.
he valiant nation which from fired Troy,
oft on the Tuscan ocean, did convoy
Their sac ed orders, and their progeny,
And aged fire, to townes of Italy,
Like to the oake with hard-edg'd axes pill'd,
In Algidum with shedy branches hill'd,
Through damages, through slaughters, doth afford
Glory and courage from the very sword.
Hydra with h wn corpes did not more increase
'Gainst grieving to-be-conquerd Hercules,
Colchos, nor Thebes yet by *Echion* builded,
A greater wonderment have ever yeelded.
In the sea drowne it, it will rise mo e glorious;
Wrestle, 'twill cast the conqueror victorious
With wondrous credit, and will wars maintaine,
Fit to be sung of by their wives againe.
Now unto Carthage I no more will post
My loftie messengers: all hope is lost,
And fortune of our family is dead,
Ever since *Asdrubal* was slaughtered.
The Claudian powers will any thing effect,
Which *Jove* doth with his gracious power protect,
And consultations searching very farre
Doe carry through the very brunts of warre.

Ode V.

A prayer for Augustus *returne home, as being the health & safety of his people.*

BEst guardian of the stock of *Romulus*,
Sprung from blest Gods, th'art now too long for
Return thou, having promis'd quick resort
Unto our Senatours most sacred court.
Deare governour, light to thy countrie bring;
For when thy look smiles on us, like the spring,
The day more pleasingly doth then decline,
And suns upon thy people brighter shine.
As doth a mother call for her young son
With vowes, presages, and petition,
Whom the south-wind with envious blast doth stay
Beyond the floods of the Carpathian bay,
From his deare home staying more than a years space,
Nor from the crooked shores doth turne her face:
Iust so our countrie *Cæsar* back requires,
Being all stricken with sincere desires.
For now the oxe treads safely ore the fields,
Ceres and sweet good luck our countrie shields,
The sailor ore the quiet seas doe slie,
The love feares to be vext with jealousie.
The chaste house with no lecherie's defam'd
Good life and law that spotted sin has tam'd
Young folk with children like themselves are blest,
A trending torture hath that sin suppreſt.
Who will the Parthian, who could Scythian dread,
Or who the brood rude Germanie hath bred,
While *Cæsar* is intire to us? who'll way
The wars of terrible Iberia?

Back

ach man in his owne hills the day doth ſpend,
nd to the widowed trees his vine doth bend;
hence very jocund to his wine doth hye,
nd at next health makes thee his deitie.
hee with much prayer, thee he ſeekes with wine
owr'd out of bowles, and dos thy god head joyne
o his houſe-gods, like Greece that mindfull is
Of *Caſtor*, and the mighty *Hercules*.
dayſt thou, O deare guide, to Heſperia bring
ong feſtivals; thus we all day doe ſing,
Dry in the morning; thus we ſing being drunk,
When that the ſun is in the Ocean ſunk.

ODE VI.

A ſecular ſong to Apollo *and* Diana.

THou god whom all the Niobean kind
The ſcourge of her imperious tongue did find,
And luſtfull *Tityus*, and the Phthian boy,
Achilles well-nigh victor of great Troy,
Than all the reſt a greater champion,
Yet weak to thee, though marine *Thetis* ſon,
Though he victorious with his dreadfull ſpeare,
Did the Dardanian palaces downe teare.
He like a pine with the ſharpe axe cut downe,
Or like a Cypreſſe with the Weſt-wind blowne,
Did fall downe proſtrate all along, and thruſt
His very neck beneath the Trojan duſt.
Th'ill-well-eas'd Trojans hee'd not have deſtroy'd
And *Priams* court with dances over-joy'd,
Not being at all within that horſe remaining,
A ſacrifice unto Minerva faining:
But (O abhorred, O) openly dire
Unto his captives, would with Grecian fire

Children that nere knew how to ſpeak, conſume,
And thoſe yet reſting in the mothers wombe:
If the gods father, being by the pray'r
Of thee ore-ruled, and of *Venus* faire,
Had not permitted to *Æneas* ſtate
Walls reared up with a far better fate.
Lute-maſter *Phœbus* to *Thalia* ſhrill,
That doſt thy haires in yellow Xanthus ſwill,
Smooth-fac'd *Agnieus*, O doe thou maintaine
The reputation of our Roman ſtraine.
Phœbus the ſoule of verſe, *Phœbus* the art,
And name of poet did to me impart.
Ye prime of virgins, and from parents rare
Ye boyes deriv'd, the Delian godeſſe care,
That with her bow ſwift pards and ſtags doth wound,
Keepe your Greeke meaſures, and my fingers ſound,
Praiſing *Latona's* ſon in a due rite,
The fire-increaſing moone that ſhines by night;
In a due ſort, to all fruits proſperous,
And ſwift to ſnatch the haſtning months from us.
And when that thou art maried, thou ſhalt ſay,
I to the gods a pleaſing ſong did pay,
When the full age our holy-dayes had brought;
In poet *Horace* meaſures being taught.

Ode VII.

Of the breuity of life, and the ſpeedineſſe of death.

THe ſnow is paſt, the graſſe returned is
Unto the fields, and leaves unto the trees;
The earth doth change her courſes; and the tides,
Being decreas'd, run low on the bank ſide.

The

The Grace and Nymphs, and her two ſiſters dare
To uſher in their dances, being bare.
The yeere, and howre which hence the ſweet day flings,
Warnes thee thou ſhouldſt not hope immortall things.
Froſts melt with the ſpring-winds; the ſummer burn
Th uſts out the ſpring, and that muſt periſh, when
Fruit-bearing Autumn doth her ſtore powre out;
And then again ſtiffe Winter comes about.
Yet the ſwift moones their heavenly gaines can mend:
When we, where good *Æneas*, deſcendy,
Where wealthy *Tullus*, and where *Ancus* bee,
Then aſhes and a very ſhade wee.
Who can tell whether that the high gods may
A morrow adde to this laſt preſent day
All that on your owne deare ſoule you beſtow,
Beyond your heires all-catching graſpe ſhall goe.
When you're once dead, and *Minos* upon you
His rare determinations ſhall ſhew,
Torquatus, nor your ſtocke, nor eloquence,
Nor pietie ſhall ere releaſe you thence.
For nor *Diana* from infernall night
The chaſte *Hippolytus* can ere acquite;
Neither has *Theſeus* power to break in twaine
From dears *Pirithous* his Lethien chaine.

Ode VIII.

That he can give his friends nothing but poems, which he eſteemes the beſt gifts.

BOwles, and neat braſſe I'de give (O *Cenſorine*)
Being bountifull unto all friends of mine,
Tripods, the valiant Greeks reward I'de give,
Neither ſhouldſt thou my worſt of gifts receive,

If I were furnish'd with those rarities
Parrhasius or *Scopas* did devise
This skill'd in stone, in oily colours he,
To form me a god now, now a deitie:
But I have not such plentie, nor indeed,
Dos your estate or mind such dainties need:
You verses loves, we can give verses yet,
And on our present can the value set.
Not marble stones grav'd with the publick straine
By which the soule and life returnes againe
To brave words after death; not flights full fast
And threats of *Annibal* behind him cast;
Not impious Carthage fires more lowd proclaime
The praise of him who having got a name
From conquerd Affrica, came thence away,
Than doe the poems of Calabria.
Neither if histories doe disregard
What you doe well, shall you receive reward.
What thing would *Ilia*'s and *Mars* son be,
If that repining taciturnitie
Hinder'd the worth of *Romulus* the sence
Of potent Bards, their smoothnesse, eloquence
Doth consecrate unto the glorious woods
Lycus taken from the Stygian floods.
"A Muse won't let a man praise-worthy die,
"A muse in heaven doth him beautifie;
So the untoiled *Hercules* drawes near
To the desir'd feasts of *Iupiter*.
The glorious stars, the twin-*Tyndarids*
Snatch batter'd ships from forth the orepresst sea:
Bacchus, his temples deck't with the green vine,
Doth bring his wishes to a good designe.

Ode IX.

To Lollius.

Of the immortalitie of poetrie, and how many are forgotten for want of the poets pens. He celebrates Lollius *deservings.*

Doe not beleeve those songs can ere be dead,
Which I, at lowd-nois'd Aufidus being bred,
Did warble out, by arts nere shewne before,
Upon the viols to be tuned ore.
Although Mæonian *Homer* first place get,
Pindarus Muses doe not lye hid yet,
Simonidean nor *Alcaicks* fierce,
No nor *Stesichorus* his pond'rous verse.
What ere *Anacreon* did sport about
In former time, age hath not yet raz'd out.
The love yet breathes, and still survive the fires
Inspir'd to the *Æolian* virgins lyres.
The Spartan *Helen* was not onely fired
With an adulterers smooth locks, and admired
The gold on's robes laid ore and ore again,
And his majestick carriage, and his train;
Nor *Teucer* first, in a Cydonian bow
His arrowes shot; Troy more than once felt woe;
Great *Idomene* and *Sthenelus* ne're fought
Such combats (onely) worthy to be taught
By Muses; nor did *Hector* venterous,
Nor the most violent *Deïphobus*
Heavy strokes first of all men undertake
For their chaste wives, and for their childrens sake.
Many brave men 'fore *Agamemnon* liv'd,
But all of them are pass'd away ungriev'd,
And in an everlasting night unknowne,
Because a sacred poet they have none.

" Vertue conceal'd is little different
" From sluggishnesse within the grave up-pent:
O *Lollius* I will not suffer thee,
Ungrac'd, concealed in my lines to bee;
Nor will I let black-tooth'd oblivion
Those thy so many labours gnaw upon.
Thou hast a mind both provident in state,
And both in prosperous times and adverse straight;
Punishing griping coz'nage, and abstaining
From money all things to it selfe constraining,
And not being Consull onely for one yeare,
But while he being a judge good and sincere,
Chose goodnesse above gaining, and forsook
The bribes of guiltie men with a brave look,
And through whole troopes of them that stopt his way,
Conquerour like his ensignes did display.
" The man that is of many things possest,
" You cannot truly terme him to be blest,
" He better doth the name of blest enjoy,
" Who understands how wisely to employ
" The Gods gifts, and hard povertie to beare,
" And wickednesse far worse than death doth feare.
For his deare friends and for his countrie hee
To suffer death will never fearfull bee.

Ode X.

The poet tells Ligurinus, that when the flower of his youth is past, he shall grieve to think he had not that understanding then which now he hath.

O Thou, yet cruell, and imperious growne
By *Venus* gifts, when the unhoped downe
Shall steale upon thy pride, and thy haires shed
Which now fly ore thy shoulders, and thy red

That's

That's choicer than the damask roses grace,
Being chang'd shall turn unto a wrinkled face
Thee *Ligurinus*; thou wilt cry (alas)
(When thou shalt see thee, not thee in thy glasse)
When I was young why had I not this mind?
Or to these thoughts why not sound cheeks assign'd?

ODE XI.

The celebrating of Mæcenas *birth-day,* Phyllis *must not aime too high.*

I Have a tun of Albane wine full-gaged,
(O *Phyllis*) that is more than nine yeares aged;
And I have parsely in my garden plot
To make us garlands; I have also got
Ivie great store, wherewith when thou dost twine
Thy tresses up, thou wondrous bright dost shine.
With silver all my house doth glister round,
The Altar with chaste Vervine being bound
With a slain e lambe to be besprinkled joyes;
Every hand now makes haste, girles mixt with boyes
Trudge up and downe; the flames doe blaze about
From the house-tops whirling the thick smoke out.
But what delights you are invited to;
That you may understand, these feasts by you
Must be solemnized: which every ride
Dos April sea-bred *Venus* moneth divide.
Solemne indeed, and almost unto me,
More sacred than my owne nativitie,
Because that my *Mæcenas* from this light
His yeares still flowing in to him doth write;
That *Telephus*, at whom thou dost so aime
(A young man not of thy inferiour fraime)

A wench both rich and ſportive hath obtain'd,
And in a pleaſing fetter keepes him chain'd.
Burn'd *Phaëton* ambitious hopes doth fray,
And the wing'd *Pegaſus* doth well diſplay
A heavy preſident, falling upon
The earth-born horſe-rider *Bellerophon*,
That things beſitting thee thou ſhouldſt affect,
And counting it unlawfull to expect
Farther than's meete, from thy ſuperiours move;
Come then the *Ne plus ultra* of my love,
(For never after this time will I be
In love with other woman) learne with me
Songs which with thy ſweet voyce thou mayſt expreſſe;
Black cares with melodie will ſoone grow leſſe.

Ode XII.

He invitteth Virgil *(conditionally) to a banquet.*

THe Springs companions which the ſea doe ſtill,
The Thracian winds doe now our ſhip-failes fill;
Now neither meadowes freeze, nor rivers roare,
With winter ſnow being forced to ſwell more.
The hapleſſe bird, and the eternall ſhame
Of the Cecropian Court, her neſt doth frame,
Mournfully ſounding Itys, 'cauſe that ſhe
Kings barb'rous luſts revenged wickedly.
The keepers of the rich-fleec'd ſheepe doe raiſe
Unto their reeds in the ſoft graſſe their layes,
And recreate the God to whom the herd
And ſhadie hils of Arcade are endeard.
Theſe times breed thirſt, but if you well on't think,
Virgil, my wine trod out at Cales to drink,
Thou traffi'cker with all our noble youth,
Muſt with thy ointments buy my wine for ſooth.

A little

A little oile-gill drawes my veſſell dry,
Which now dos in Sulpitian cellars lye,
Rich enough freſh hopes out for us to ſquare,
And ſtrong to drench the bitterneſſe of care.
Unto theſe pleaſures if your courſe you bend,
Come quickly with thy wares: I don't intend
Like to ſome rich man in a full ſtor'd houſe
To drench thee free from charge with my carouſe.
But put delayes of love and gaine away,
And mindfull of your funerall, while you may,
Mingle ſome ſhort-breath'd folly with your reaſon;
'Tis pleaſing to be fooliſh in due ſeaſon.

Ode XIII.

Againſt old Lyce, *who would faine ſeeme young.*

LYCE, the gods have hearken'd to my mone,
Lyce, the gods have heard: thou old art growne,
And yet thou beautifull wilt ſeeme to bee,
And thou doſt ſport and drinke audaciouſly,
And after *Cupid* flow to thee doſt ſeeke
With palſied note; he in the beauteous cheek
Of the now freſhly colour'd Chian wench,
And throughly skill'd in prick-ſong dos intrench.
For haſtie he over the drie okes fleeth
And runs from thee, becauſe thy rotten teeth,
Becauſe that thoſe thy wrinckles, and the ſnow
Upon thy head doe vitiate thee ſo.
Nor Tyrian purples now, nor gliſtring ſtones
Can fetch againe thoſe times to thee, which once
The winged day hath very firmely cloſed
In memorable regiſters diſpoſed.
Whither (alas) now is thy beautie gone,
Or where thy ſweet face, where thy action?

Wha

What haſt of her, of her that breathed love,
Which didſt my ſelfe from my owne ſelfe remove?
A handſome face next after *Cynara's*,
And famous too, and full of moving wayes:
But fates gave *Cynara* few yeeres, keeping thee
Equall with ſome old ravens age to bee,
That luſtie youths might ſee with mirth enough,
Thy taper waſted to a very ſnuffe.

Ode XIV.

Auguſtus *his glorie, and Victories.*

WHat care of Senators or Commoners,
By ſtatues and recording regiſters
Can with full gifts of honour deiſie
Thy worths, *Auguſtus*, to poſteritie?
O thou the chiefe of Kings which way ſo e're
The Sun the habitable ſhoares doth cleare;
The *Vandals*, Latian rites unuſed to,
Have lately felt what thou in war couldſt doe.
For with thy troops brave *Druſus* did deface
More than at one about, an unruly race,
The *Genoueſe*, and *Brenni* ſwift of foot,
And towers upon the dreadfull Alpes tops put;
The elder of the *Nero's* fought of late
A dreadfull battell, and with proſp'rous fate
The ſavage natur'd *Rhetians* out did fling,
Plain to be ſeene in's warlick combating,
With how great ſlaughters he put out of breath
Their lives deſign'd to revell-keeping death.
As the north (when the troope of *Pleiades*
Kendeth the clouds) ſwells up the raging ſeas;
So ſwift was he his enemies troopes to tire,
And ſpurre his foaming horſe through midſt of fire:

So

So is the bull-form'd *Aufidus* rowl'd out,
Which runs Apulian *Daunus* Realmes about,
When it swels up, and on the field new sowne
Threatens to powre a horrid deluge downe.
As *Claudius* did with a destructive power
The armed troopes of the Barbarians scowre;
And as he (conquering) van and reare did mow,
Them without losse o're all the field did strow:
While thou thy aids, advice, and gods didst lend;
For what day th'Alexandrian port did bend
Humbly unto thee, and set open cleare
Her emptie court, from thence the fifteenth yeere,
Well-boding fortune did to thee present
Of the then war most prosperous event;
And did both praise and wished dignitie
Procure to thy compleated Emperie.
The Spaniard not afore then captivate,
The Mede, the Moore, Scythian runnagate
Admire thee; O thou helpe assistant come
To Italy, and its chiefe citie, Rome.
Nile that conceales the birth-place of his spring,
And Ister too, and Tigris ravening,
The monster-bearing Ocean thee adores,
That 'bout the world-divided Britains roares.
The Land of France that doth not death regard,
And of Iberia parched very hard;
Thee the Sicambri that in bloud take pride
Doe fawne upon, their armes being laid aside.

Ode XV.

The praises of Augustus *prudent government.*

PHOEBUS rebuked mee minding to suite
Battels and conquer'd Cities to my Lute,

Lest

Left I should spread unto the Tyrrhene main
My little sailes: *Cæsar*, thy age againe
Did plenteous fruits unto our fields afford,
And ensignes to our *Iupiter* restor'd,
Pull'd from the Persians proud posts, and did bar
Romulus temple close, being freed from war,
And brought in a right-govern'd policie,
And bridles for our wandring libertie,
And our iniquities did quite subdue,
And did our ancient arts again renew;
By which agen sprung up our Roman name,
And our Italian forces, and the fame
And glory of our Emperie forth spred
To the Suns rising from his western bed.
While *Cæsar* is the guardian of our state
Not civill rage or pow'r our rest shall bate;
Not indignation which swords doth whet,
And wretched cities doth at discord set.
Those who at deepe Danubius doe drink,
Shall not the Julian edicts e're unlink;
Not *Getes*, nor *Seres*, nor Persians infidell
Nor those who neere the river Tanais dwell.
And we on working dayes, and holy tides,
Amids blithe *Bacchus* bowles, with sons and brides,
First to the god in right sort having pray'd,
Of gen'ralls long since valorously decay'd,
(As our fore-fathers manner was to doe)
And of Troy also, and *Anchises* too,
And beauteous *Venus* progenie will sing
With songs to Lydian musick answering,

The end of the fourth Booke of the Odes of Horace.

THE EPODES of HORACE.

EPODE I.

Horace *desires to goe with* Mæcenas *to warre.*

THou, friend *Mæcenas*, on Liburnians necks
Wilt goe unto the ships high decks;
Being prepar'd to undertake alone
All *Cæsars* perill as thy owne.
And what then shall I doe,
To whom, so long as you
Doe still survive, my life is pleasing,
But if contrary, 'tis diseasing?

Shall we, being bid, embrace securitie,
Not sweet, unlesse it be with thee?
Or undergoe this labour with that spirit,
As befits brave men to beare it?
And the Alps-hills clean through
With stout minde follow you,
And Caucasus by none possest,
And utmost confines of the West?

You'll aske how with my pains I can ease your,
Being feeble and unsure;

Being

Being with you I shall be in feare much lesse,
That dos the absent most oppresse.
As the bird sitting o'r
Her unfledg'd young, dos more
When they 're alone, the snakes twines feare,
Not that shee could help, were shee there.

These and all enterprises, we will prove,
Freely, in hope to gain your love.
Not that my ploughs, being made fast unto
My many teemes, much work may doe;
Or that my cattell may
From Lucan pastures stray
To the Calabrians situation,
Before the firie constellation.

Nor that my upland Tusculums hot bower
May reach as far as Circes tower:
Sufficiently has thy benignitie,
And too much enriched me;
I will not crave what, like
Some greedy-griping tike
I in the earth may deep inhume,
Or like some riotous spark consume.

EPODE II.

The praises of the countrie life.

BLest is the man, who, free from molestation,
(As were the mortals antient nation)
With his owne oxen tills his country ground,
From all usury unbound;

Nor,

Nor, ſouldier-like, with ſhrill alarms is raiſed,
Nor at the angry ſea's amazed;
And flyes the courts of law, and the proud gates
Of Citizens of great eſtates.
Then either with the fruitfull ſtems of vines,
He the tall poplar trees conjoynes,
And, with his knife cutting the waſte boughs out,
Grafts in better roundabout;
Or tendeth on his oxens grazing drove,
In a cloſe retired grove,
Or his preſt honey tuns in veſſels cleare,
Or his ſwelter'd ſheep doth sheare;
Or when the Autumne o're the fields doth ſpread
With ripen'd fruit his comely head,
How blith is he his grafted trees deveſting,
And grapes with purple dye contesting.
Wherewith, *Priapus*, he may thee reward,
And thee, Sire *Sylvane*, his lands guard.
Now under ſome old oke he loves to lye,
Upon the long graſſe by and by:
Mean-while the ſtreames along their high banks ſpring,
The birds doe in the foreſt ſing;
The Springs with flowing drops a whiſp'ring keep,
Which may call in gentle ſleep.
But when the thund'ring *Iupiters* cold tide
Dos the ſtormes and ſnow provide,
With many dogs he here and there beſets
The fierce Boares 'gainſt the toiling nets;
Or on his ſmooth hook hangs his ſlender ſnares,
Gins for the devouring Stares;
Or elſe the fearfull Hares about purſues,
Or Crane a ſtranger to our nooſe;
(Delightfull ſports! who amids theſe will not
Forget the ſad cares love has got?)
But if the chaſte wife, for her part, doth cheare
Her family and children deare;

(Like

(Like to the Sabine or the sun-burn'd bride
Of the Apulian swift to ride)
Dos with old wood a sacred fire begin
'Gainst her toil'd husbands comming in;
And in clos'd pens shutting her faire ewes by,
Milks their full-swolne udders drie,
And from her sweet pots broaching this yeares wine,
Makes him with unbought viands dine;
Nor Lucrine shel-fish better shall me please,
Nor Rhombus, nor the Porpuses;
If that the winter swell'd with eastern waves,
Any to our Ocean laves.
No Turkey-cock shall downe my belly fleet,
Nor Iönian Quaile, more sweet
Than th'Olive-berry that new-gather'd is
From the richest boughs of trees;
Or Sorrell-leafe that loves the meadow ground,
And Mallowes good for bodies bound;
Or else a lamb on Terminus feasts slaine,
Or a Kid from the Wolfe new tane.
Amid these cates how I desire to see
How the full ewes bent homeward bee;
To see the wearied oxen, as they hall'd
The o're-turn'd plough with necks all gall'd;
And, the rich houses swarme, the servants set
About the chimney trimmed neat.
When as the Usurer *Alphius* thus had said,
Who straight a farmer would be made,
I'th' Ides he gathered all his money in,
Next month would let it out again.

EPODE

EPODE III.

Against the eating of Garlick.

IF any one with hand accurſt
His fathers aged neck hath burſt,
Garlick more fell than Hemlock let him eat,
O the ſtrong guts of countrie ſwaines!
What kind of poiſons this that raignes
Within my breſt? haſt Vipers bloud (being heat
Among theſe herbs) from me been hid aſide,
Or did *Canidia* theſe bad cates provide?

When as *Medea* did admire
'Bove all the ſeamen one faire Squire,
Iaſon with this ſhee charm'd, when he did tye
Yokes on the bulls to them unknowne;
With preſents ſtain'd with this alone,
Tort'ring her rivall ſhee away did fly
On winged Snakes; nor ere did ſuch a ſmoke
Downe from the ſtars the parch't Apulia choke.

Neither did that preſent crack
More ragingly upon the back
Of the laborious *Hercules*; but I pray,
O blith *Maecenas*, if you crave
Any ſuch like ſtink to have.
At any time, that then your ſweet-heart may
Her hands forth-right againſt your kiſſes ſpred,
And lye on fartheſt ſide of all the bed.

EPODE

EPODE IV.

Against upstart Mænas, *late a slave.*

WHat hate 'twixt wolves and lambs dos use to be
So much i' 'twixt me and thee,
Whose sides with Spanish whips are scarr'd
And whose legs with fetters hard:
Though you with wealth doe strut vainglorioussly,
The fortune dos not change the qualitie.

See you, as through the sacred street you throng,
With a gown of six ells long,
How the passengers free scorne
Their faces to and fro doth turne?
He flea'd with Bride-well whips, to th'whippers toile,
Tills thousand acres now of Falern soile.

The Appian way he with his Jenners beats,
And upon the chiefest seats
He sitteth as a doughty Knight,
And dos marshall *Otho* slight.
What profit is't that with a heavie load
So many ships bow'd keeles are in the road
Against these pirats, and these slavish powers,
He, he being tribune of these bands of ours?

EPODE

EPODE V.

Canidia *torturing a boy, to make a love potion of him.*

O O, what ever God in heav'n doth guide
The earth and all mankind beside,
What dos this sterore mean, and wherefore bee
All your sterne looks 'gainst only mee?
Thee by thy children, if *Lucina* ere,
To thy true labours call'd, was there;
By this my purples fainting die I pray,
By *Iove* that will these things gain-say,
Why like a stepdame dost thou on me looke,
Or like a Whale struck with the hooke?

While thus the Boy did stand, and did complaine
With trembling voice, his robes being from him tane
A body very smooth, and such a one
As might the Thracians cruell brests atone;
Canidia having thick embroydered
With little snakes her locks and uncomb'd head,
Commands that fig-trees wild from graves up torne,
Commands that cypresse sprigs at funeralls worne,
And egs with bloud of a black toad made foule,
And feathers of a nightly flying owle,
And herbs Iolcos and theria
(Fertill in poisons) dos transport away,
And bones out from a hungry curs chaps sprin'd,
In Magick flames should be to ashes burn'd.
But busie *Sagana* the house throughout
Sprinkling Avernall waters round about,
Like a sea Porpus, or a bristling Boare,
With her haire staring up, about doth roare,

Veia

Veia with no feare stopp' digg'd out the dust
With her hard spades, grunting at ev'ry thrust,
That the boy rammed in might pine away
At sight of meat chang'd twice or thrice each day;
While he peer'd up with's head, as bodies sunk
Toth' chin in water stand; that his pith shrunk,
And liver dri'd might be a love-drink made,
While his eyes fixt on meats forbid, did fade.
Both lazie Naples, and each Village neare
Thought *Ariminian Folia* was there,
(A man in lust) who pulleth from the skie,
Stars and Moon charm'd with spells of Thessaly.
Gruell *Canidia* here biting away
Her long nailes with black teeth, what did shee say,
Or what did shee not say? ——— ———

O you that to my projects bee
True helpers, Night, and Hecate,
Who the silence dost command
While our night-spells are in hand,
Now come, and on these hostile bowers,
Throw your anger and your powers:
While beasts in their sad dens doe creepe
Wearied with pleasant sleepe,
Let the Suburan dogs all snarle
At the old adulterous carle,
And (which all the towne may jeere)
Besmear'd with Spikenard every where,
And such a one, as a more true
These my hands did never doe.
What's hap't? why dos my direfull charme
Than fell *Medeas* doe lesse harme;
Wherewith having tortur'd sore
Great *Creons* daughter, that proud whore,
Away shee fled thence, when a gowne,
A present o're with poison strowne,

Carrie

Carried from them all on flame
The but newly married dame.
Nor plant nor root, yet, hidden in
Sharp rocks to me unknown hath bin;
Yet he in bed of all his whores,
Beſmeared with oblivion ſnores.
Ah, ah, he walks freed from harme,
By ſome more skilfull witches charme.
Thou *Varus* with no triviall potion
Back to me ſhalt make thy motion,
(Thou whoſe head for this ſhall pay)
Nor ſhall thy heart, though call'd away
With Marſian ſpells, from me e're ſlide;
I'le a ſtronger draught provide,
I'le a pow'rfuller powre out
For thee that at my love doſt flout.
Firſt heav'n beneath the earth ſhall lye,
The earth ſtretcht over both on high,
Than you not flame in my deſires,
Like brimſtone in the ſootie fires.

At this the Boy did not, as heretofore,
Theſe damned hags with gentle words implore,
But doubtfull how he might his ſilence breake,
Did Thyeſtæan imprecations ſpeake;

Poiſons, a great helpe and harme,
Can't humane courſes counter-charme;
I'le curſe you all; a dire curſe is
Removed with no ſacrifice.
But when by you be'ing bid to die,
I ſhall give up the ghoſt, then I
A mightie terror will you meer,
And as a ghoſt your faces greet,
With crooked nailes, (which is the pow'r
Of the gods inferiour)

And lying on your panting breſt,
With horror drive away your reſt.
You, loathſome Witches, all the towne
In each ſtreet ſhall batter downe,
Throwing ſtones now here now there,
Then wolves and funerall fowles ſhall teare
Your unburied limbs in ſunder,
Nor from my parents ſhall this wonder
Be conceal'd, who after mee
Muſt (alas) ſurvivers bee.

Epode VI.

Againſt Caſſius Severus.

WHerefore, O Curre, (fright
Doſt thou the harmleſſe ſtrange
Not daring againſt wolves to ſtirre?
Why doe not you this way
Your vain threats (if you can) diſplay,
And ſeize me that again dare bite.

For Maſtiffe-like,
Or like unto the brended hound,
(The ſhepherds loving help) Ile ſtrike
Through the deep ſnow, full neare
Unto thee with my prickt up eare,
What e're game ſhall before me bound.

When thou haſt fill'd
The foreſt with thy hideous cry,
Thou with one caſt ſcrap art ſtill'd:
O be warn'd, be warned then,
For I moſt fierce 'gainſt wicked men,
Advance my ready horns on high.

I like unto
That ſon-in law held in diſdain,
By *Lycambes* moſt untrue
Or the fierce foe of *Bupalus*,
If with black tooth one bite me thus,
Shall I like a weak boy complain?

EPODE VII.

An execration of the civill warre.

O Whither now, O whither
Run yee (yee curſed men) together;
Or why are your long laid-by ſwords made fit,
For your right hands? is there yet
Too little waſted of our Latian bloud
Upon the fields and in the floud?

Not that our Romans might
Burne the ſtately towers downe quite
Of Carthage vile; or th'unfound Britain great
Our ſacred way, being manacled;
But that unto the Parthians wiſh this Land
Might periſh by her owne right hand.

'Mongſt Wolves and Lions ne're
Was ſuch a uſe, unleſſe it were
'Gainſt beaſts of different ſort: doshood-wink'd furie
Or ſtronger force, or ſin allure yee?
Return an anſwer: they are ſilent ſtill,
And paleneſſe wan their looks doth fill.

Their conſciences pierc't through
Are all aſtoniſh't: 'tis too true,

Sad destiny, and sin of brothers slaughter,
Our Roman race still followeth after,
E're since just *Remus* bloud o'th'ground did lye
Fatall to its posteritie.

EPODE VIII. and XII.

That obscenitie which cannot in fit words bee covered, is not fit in any words to bee discovered.

EPODE IX.

Foretelling Cæsars *victory against* Antonie.

O Blest *Mecenas*, when shall I
(So please *Iove*) in thy palace high
Taste the wine kept for feasts most glorious,
When *Cæsar* shall returne victorious,
Be'ing merry with thee, while the lyre
Doth mixt songs to the pipes inspire,
Upon this a Dorick tone,
Upon them a Barb'rous one?
As of late we did when (hee
That would *Neptunes* bastard bee)
The Captain of the Ocean chas't
With his fir'd ships away did haste;
Threatning fetters to our citie,
Which formerly he, taking pitie,
Knock't off from slaves turn'd renegate;
A Roman Squire, now captivate
To a female creature, beares
Her trenching engin and her spears:

(All

(Ah posteritie, you'll say
This never was) and can obey
Eunuchs with their wrinkled face;
And the Sun (O vile disgrace)
'Mongst ensignes fit for chevalrie
Dos look upon a canopie.
But the French-men turn'd together
Two thousand foaming horses hither,
Singing *Cæsar*; and there lye
The hostile navies sterns close by
In harbour, looking a wrong way:
Io Triumph, thou dost stay
Our charets gilt, and kine unwrought;
Io Triumph thou hast brought
Us a generall back from war
Exceeding Jugurths victor far,
And Affricks conqueror, whose glorie
Over Carthage rais'd his storie.
Our foe by land and sea o'rethrowne
Has put on a homely gowne
For his scarlet, and now hee
With winds against him means to see
Creet for its hundred cities prais'd,
Or sailes against the quick-sands rais'd
By the South, or's tost aloft
On the Ocean varying oft.
Boy, bring larger glasses hither,
And Chian wine, or Lesbian either,
Or Cecube liquor for us fill,
That may the rising stomack still.
All care and feare for *Cæsars* State
In sweet wine I must mitigate.

EPODE X.

An execration againſt Mævius.

THe ſhip's launch'd out with fate unproſperous
Carrying in't that ſtinking *Mævius*.
Remember, South-wind, that thou both ſides batter
With horrid waves: let the black Eaſt-wind ſhatter
The cracklings and the oares all burſt in twain
With the toſs'd ſea; let the North ſwell again
As high, as when upon the mountains great
The trembling oakes it doth in peeces beat.
Nor let propitious Star that dark night ſhine,
When ſtorme-preſaging *Orion* dos decline.
Nor calmer ſea let him be born upon
Than was the Grecian Captains legion;
When *Pallas* had her indignation turn'd
'Gainſt *Ajax* impious ſhip from Ilium burn'd.
O what a ſweat dos on thy ſea-men ſtand,
And on thy ſelfe a paleneſſe ſwarthy-tann'd,
And that ſame (not a man beſeeming) crying,
And prayers unto *Iove* thy ſuit denying!
When the Ionian creek 'ginning to rore.
'Gainſt the moiſt South-wind has your veſſell tore.
But if, as a rich prey, being laid flat
On the crook'd ſhore, thou ſhalt the crowes make fat,
A luſtfull hee-goat and a lamb beſides
Shall offer'd be to the tempeſtuous tides.

EPODE

EPODE XI.

That he is love-ſick, and cannot write verſes.

PEttie, it doth not me delight
Verſes, as before, to write,
Quite thorow thruſt
With deeply wounding luſt.

With luſt, the which doth me deſire
'Bove all men elſe to ſet on fire
Or for young boyes,
Or for ſome female toyes.

This the third winter off has tore
The foreſts dreſſe, ſince I forbore
To pine away
For my *Inachia.*

Through towne O what a ſport was I?
(For I'm ſham'd at ſuch foolery)
And I repent
My feaſting-merriment;

In which my griefe and ſilent tongue,
And ſighs from my hearts bottom ſprung,
Argued mee
Inamorate to bee.

And mourning to thee, I did cry,
A poore mans candid ingenie
Was all but vain
To ſtand againſt her gain;

When as the uncivill power
Of raging wine, had from its bower
My ſecret thought
With ſtronger liquor wrought:

But in my breſt if free rage boile,
That to the winds it may aſſoile
My ſighs ingrate
Which my ſore wound can't bate.

Then my modeſtneſſe caſt by
Shall give over preſently
To ſtrive ſo long
With rivalls over ſtrong.

When (vext) I to you had enlarg'd
Theſe things, to hie me home being charg'd;
Along I went
With feet full impotent,

To thoſe poſts (ah) unkind to mee,
And doores (ah) full of crueltie
Where mightily
My loins and ſides bruis'd I.

Lycifens love me now doth preſſe,
Boaſting that he in tenderneſſe
Dos far ſurpaſſe
Any young married laſſe.

Whence nor the free-ſpent conſultations,
Nor the rigid increpations
Of my friends ere
Me off againe ſhall teare:

But ſome other flame, in ſooth,
Of ſome faire maid, or ſome plump youth,
Knitting

Knitting up faire
His long grown head of haire.

EPODE XIII.

From the present storme to take occasion to be merry.

A Horrid storme doth cloud heaven o're,
And rain and snow doe even unthrone *Iove*:
Now the sea, and now the grove
With the Thracian north-wind rore.

Friends, let's catch oportunitie
Even from this very time; and while our knees
Are lustie, and it seemly is
Let age from cloudy brow be free.

Broach the wine made when *Torquat* was
My Consul; cease to speak ought of the rest:
Iove perhaps with change full blest
Will these things into order passe.

Now I desire with Persian oile
To be spred o're, and with Mercuriall lyre
From all pertu bations dire
My cogitations to assoile.

As the brave Centaur sung unto
His Pupill tall; Mortall unconquered,
Boy by goddesse *Thetis* bred,
The Land of Troy doth wait for you.

Which small Scamanders coole streams lave,
And Simois smooth; whence Fates with destin'd thrid
Thy return home agen forbid
Nor thy sea-mother home shall have.

Then being there doe thou suppresse
Every ill thing with wine and melodie,
The sweet-easing company
Of deform'd distractivenesse.

Epode XIV.

An excuse for not finishing his Iambicks.

WHy a feeble lazinesse
Dos so great oblivion presse
On my deep senses, as if I
Had swallow'd down, with chaps parch't drie,
Drinks Lethæan sleepes in piring,
You me kill with oft enquiring,
(O *Mæcenas* deare) for why
That god, that god dos put me by
My Iambicks (some part pend,
A song long promis'd) e're to end.
In no other sort they say
Anacreon of Teia
For Samian Bathyllus burn'd,
Who on his hollow Lute oft mourn'd
In careless measures his desire;
You poore heart too are all on fire:
But if that flame was not so bright
That burn'd besieged Troy down quite,
Joy in your choice: Phryne made free,
Nor with one man content, pines mee.

Epode

EPODE XV.

A complaint of Neæra's *perjurie.*

IT was at night, and in the cleer-brow'd skie
The moone among the lesser starres did shine,
When thou, about to blast the majestie
Of the great gods, swar'st to these words of mine,
(Clinging more closely with thy armes twin'd round,
Than the tall oake is with the ivie bound)
While the wolfe to sheep a foe,
And Orion to seamen so,
Should irritate the winter swelled sea,
And the wind should every way
Apollo's uncut locks display,
This our love interchangeable should be.
Neæra that much for my resolves shalt grieve,
(For if ther's ought of man in *Flaccus* yet)
Hee'll not endure thou all thy nights should'st give
To a rivall; and being vext a mate hee'l get.
Nor shall his constancy ere yeeld agin,
To thy false face, if fixt griefe once step in.
And thou blest man who ere thou art,
That strutt'st proudly at my smart
Though thou be rich in cattell and much ground,
And *Pactolus* to thee flow
And thou *Pythagoras* secrets know
(Thrice born) and *Nireus* dost for face confound,
Ah thou wilt weepe to see her love to steere
Another course, but I'mean-time will jeere.

EPODE.

Epode XVI.

A deploring of the civill wars, and an exhortation to forsake their countrie, as unluckie..

A Second age with civill wars is spent,
And Rome it selfe with her own powers is rent;
Which bord'ring Marsians could not waste away,
Nor Tuscan band of the earfull *Prosena*,
Nor Capua's emulous strength, nor *Spartacus*
So violent, nor French perfidious
To new affaires, nor savage Germany
Had ever wasted with her painted fry,
Nor *Anni'bal* by his parents cursed still,
We wicked brood of cursed seed will spill;
And now our land again shall be ore-spread
With savage beasts; the barbrous victor tread
Upon our ashes, and the horseman greet
Our citie with his horses sounding feet;
And proudly scatter (O abhorr'd to see)
Romulus bones from wind and sun set free.
Perhaps you all, or best part pitch upon
What must to scape these wicked wars, be done:
Let no advice than this be priz'd more high;
As did the Phocians cursed citie fly,
Fields, houshold gods, and temples too forsooke,
By boares and cruell wolves to be next tooke.
Let's goe where ere our feet can carrie us,
Where ere the south or north wind boisterous
Shall call us through the seas; what? dos this like?
Or has some else a better stroke to strike?
Wherefore doe we delay our ships to steare
With prosp'rous fate? but lets to these things sweare:

When

When rocks, rais'd from their deep ſeas up, ſhall flow,
Then back again it be no ſin to goe,
Nor be a ſhame our ſailes towards home to ſet;
When Padus ſhall the Matine hill tops wet.
Or towring Apennine ſink in the main,
And ſtrange love with new luſt ſhall monſters chain,
That Tygers ſhall to mate with Bucks delight,
And Pigeon ſhall adulterate with the Kite
Nor credulous herds from yellow lions ſhall move,
And the ſmooth goat the briniſh floods ſhall love:
Let's ſwear to theſe things, and what ever may
Take all our ſweet hopes of return away.
Let our curs'd citie all at once goe out,
Or ſome part better than th'untutor'd rout.
Let the hen-hearted and deſpairing wretch
Himſelfe in theſe ill fated chambers ſtretch.
The girdling ſea calls us; lets ſeek out ſtrait
Thoſe fields, bleſt fields and Ilands fortunate,
Where th'earth untilld each yeare her fruit doth give,
And vineyard never prund doth ever live;
And the nere-failing olives branch doth ſprout,
And the ripe fig her native tree ſets out.
From hollow oaks drops honey; from high hills
The nimble ſpring with rattling feet diſtills
There goats uncalld unto the milk pailes come,
And the faire flock their full-ſwoln bag, brings home;
Nor evening beare about their fields doth yell,
Nor dos the fertile land with vipers ſwell.
And we bleſt men ſhall more admire, as how
The wet ſouth don't the meads with large ſtormes mow;
Nor the fat ſeed is parcht in furrowes drie;
The heav'ns king both ſo well doth qualifie.
No ſhip with Argonautes doth hither ſteere,
Nor impudent *Medea* ſets foot heere,
No Tyrian ſailors hither their ſailes bent,
Nor yet *Vlyſſes* long-toil'd regiment.

Love

Jove for a pious ſtock theſe ſhoares ſelected,
When he the golden age with braſſe infected,
With braſſe, then iron hardend the age; whoſe flight
To thoſe bleſt ſoules by my preſage ſtands right.

TO CANIDIA.

An ironicall recantation.

NOw to thy ſtrong art I my hands aſſigne;
Humbly, and crave byth' realmes of *Proſerpine*,
And by the unmov'd power of *Hecate*,
And by the books of ſpels which able be
To call the looſned ſtars down from their ſphære,
Canidia, yet thy damned charms forbeare,
And wind, O wind thy nimble ſpindle back:
Telephus ſo did *Nereus* grand-child ſlack.
Gainſt whom proud he his Myſian troups had bent,
And againſt whom he had his ſharpe darts ſent.
The Trojan matrons murdrous *Hector* ointed,
To ravenous birds and dogs before appointed,
When that the King, deſcended from the wall,
Down (ah) at proud *Achilles* feet did fall;
Vlyſſes gally-ſlaves, when *Circe* pleas'd,
Their brittled members of their hard skin eas'd.
Then was their mind and voyce reſtor'd again,
And glory in their countenance moſt plain.
Thou much by ſailors and by factors lov'd,
Enough and too much penance I have prov'd;
My youth is vaniſht, and my comely red
Has left my bones with ſwarthy skin oreſpred.
My hiar's turnd white all over with thyoile,
No interminſſion quitteth me from toile.
The night on day, and day on night doth ſeize,
Yet nothing can my wind-ſwoln intrailes eaſe.

There-

Therefore poore wretch I am captiv'd, that I
May credit what I did before denie,
That *Sabine* charms could doe a body wrong,
Or wit be crazed with a Marſyan ſong.
What would you more than this? — O earth and ſeas!
I flame, as neither poiſon'd *Hercules*
By *Neſſus* foule blood, nor Sicilian fire
Raging in burning Ætna can flame higher:
Thou even a ſhop of Colchick witchery
Do'ſt flame ſo long, till I, being aſhes dry,
To the rude winds ſhall ſhatterd be: what end?
Or what amercement dos upon me tend?
Speak, I will truly beare my' impoſed taſk,
Prepar'd to expiate, whether you ask
A hundred buls; or on my falſe lute you
Will flatter'd bee; you modeſt dame and true,
Being a golden conſtellation,
Even the ſtars themſelves ſhalt tread upon.
Caſtor, and mighty *Caſtors* brother ſham'd
At the report of *Helena* defam'd,
Ore-come with ſupplication, did againe
Reſtore the eye-ſight from the poet tane.
And you (for you can doe't) free me from madneſſe,
O thou nere tainted though thy fathers badneſſe,
Nor old hag skill'd from poore mens ſepulchers
The duſt ſcarce nine dayes cover'd to diſperſe;
Thou haſt a loving breaſt, and righteous hands,
And yet thy wombe for childbirth ſitting ſtands.
And the nurſe waſhes up yout blood-ſtaind clout
When thou a luſtie child-bed-wife leap'ſt out.

CANI.

CANIDIA'S *answer.*

WHy powre you praiers into my lockt-up eares?
The winter-swelled *Neptune* never teares
The rocks more deafe to sea-men ship-wracked
On the rough sea: should you untortured
My (by you publisht) baudy rites despise,
The not-to-be-wrong'd Cupids sacrifice?
And censor of my spels on the watch-hill,
(Unpunisht) with my name the town shouldst fill?
Wherein will it availe you rich to make
The Pelign hags, or quicker poison take,
If slower destinies on you attend
Than your desires? you wretch must to this end
Spin out a loathed life, that so you may
For new found torments evermore find play.
Tantalus wanting his still furnisht feast,
(*Pelops* his faithlesse father) begs for rest;
Prometheus craves it, to his eagle tide;
Sisyphus begs to make his stone abide
On the hill top; but *Ioves* decrees denie:
So you may wish to leap from turrets high,
And other while with a Bavarian blade
To rip your entrailes up; and you may braid
Halters for your own neck, and all in vaine,
Being distracted at your tedious paine.
Then I'le in state ride on your hatefull back,
Beneath my insolence the earth shall crack:
Shall I that can make waxen pictures goe,
(As you your selfe ore-curious foole doe know)
Can with my charms the moone from heaven constrain,
Can raise the burnt dead bodies up againe,
And make a drink of love, th'event deplore
Of all my art that hath on thee no power?

A ſecular Hymne for the protection of the *Roman Empire.*

PHOEBUS, and *Dian* preſident
Of forreſts, heavens bright ornament,
Still worthy praiſe, and ſtill ador'd,
Afford
Thoſe things for which we pray
Upon our holy day.

On which the Sibylls books ordain'd,
That virgins choice, and youths unſtain'd
Should to thoſe deities rehearſe,
A verſe,
With whom our ſeaven hills
Have purchaſed good wills.

Bright Sun that in thy charet pure
Doſt cleare the day, and doſt obſcure,
Seem'ſt various, yet ſtill in one wiſe
Doſt riſe,
O mayſt thou nothing ſee
Greater than Rome to bee.

O *Ilithuia* truly milde
To bring forth the ripened child,
Protect our matrons, whether thou
Allow
To be *Lucina* fam'd,
Or be a midwife nam'd.

Goddeſſe

Goddeſſe doe thou our ſtock increaſe,
And give our ſenates lawes ſucceſſe,
'Bout marrying wives; and that law then
For men,
That married they may breed
A new increaſing ſeed.

That the world informed cleere
Every hundred and tenth yeere,
May make ſolemne hymnes and playes
Three dayes
Bright-ſhining, and by night
As long, with all delight.

You deſtinies too propagate
To our paſt fortunes a bleſt fate,
Let the firm determinings
Of things
Keep ſafe what once 'tis ſea'd
Y'have firmly prophes'ed

Let the earth full-ſtor'd with corn
And cattell, *Ceres* then adorne
With a coronet of wheat,
And let
Sweet rain and breath of Jove
Our nurſeries improve.

Apollo milde and pacifi'd
(Thy artill'rie laid aſide)
To our ſuppliant youth give ear:
And heare
Thou horn'd Queen of the skie,
(Luna) our femall fry.

I

If Rome be a charge of yours,
And the Troy-descended powers
Have kept the Roman shoares, some few
By you
Being bid with course secure
Their gods and land t'abjures;

For whom thorow Troy all-fired
Chaste *Æneas*, not expired
With's countrie, without losse did lay
Free way;
Willing to give them more
Than all they left before.

Yee gods bestow conditions sage
On our train'd youth; to sweet old age
Give rest: both wealth and issue too
Give you,
And all Majestick grace
To *Romulus* his race.

And he that offers you white kine,
(The posteritie divine.
Of *Venus* and *Anchises*) let
Him get
Pow'r o're his warring foe
Mild to him when brought low.

The Mede now fears our potent band,
And Roman arms by sea and land,
The Scythians now our answers wait,
Of late
That were so full of pride,
And th'Indians beside.

Now

Now Faith and Peace, and Honour too,
And Chastitie fam'd long agoe,
And long-scorn'd Vertue dares again
Come in,
And blessed Plentie here
With full horn doth appeare.

And *Phœbus* future things divining,
Adorned with his bow bright-shining,
And belov'd of the nine Muses,
Who looses
With health-restoring arts
The bodies toiled parts;

If he our Palatine altars see,
Romes weale, and glorious Italie,
Being propitious, let him still
Fulfill
Them to a longer date,
And fate more fortunate.

And let *Diana* who doth hold
Th' Aventine hill, and Algid cold,
Our fifteene rulers prayers attend,
And bend
Her eares of milde condition
Unto our youths petition.

And I a skilfull Chorister,
Phœbus and *Phœbes* praise to reare,
Bring home good hope, and nere to move,
That Jove
And all the Deities
Assent unto our cries.

FINIS.